THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXXVI.—No. 1638

MAY 8, 1935

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The BYSTANDER

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Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful pos. opp. Casino. Modernly renovated. 200 beds. Rooms fr. RM. 4. Pen. fr. RM. 10.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renov. 1935, fac. Kurpark, a home fr. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

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Baden-Baden.—Bad Hotel, zum Hirsch.—150 rooms. All Comfort. Rooms with private thermal baths. Pension M.9 up.

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Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM. 9.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—*continued*

GERMANY—*continued*

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Heidelberg.—Victoria Hotel.—Two min. fr. Station. 175 beds. Adj. Municipal Pk. Well-known Family Hotel. Rooms from 4 RM.

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Stuttgart.—Hotel Viktoria.—Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

GERMANY—*continued.*

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Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World renowned Hotel. Own bathing estab. Patronized by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pens. from 11 Mks.

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Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opp. Kochbrunnen. Every possible comf. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

ITALY.

Baveno–(Lago Maggiore)–Hotel Bellevue–The Leading Hotel. On the lake. Private bathing beach. Tennis. Mod. Terms.

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Geneva.—La Residence.—First-cl. Res. All comf. Spl. Roof gdn. Ten. Open-air Rest'nt. Marv. view on lake & mount. Pen. fr. 10 Frs.

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Lausanne.—The Hotel Victoria.—Home-like house. Latest comf. R'ms. from 5 Frs., incl. terms 13 Frs. Garden. Gar. Rest'nt.

Lucerne.—The National.—Best location, direct on lake. All sports. Room fr. Frs. 8. Pen. fr. Frs. 18. Director: A. de Micheli.

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Htl.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. fac. lake. Mod. Comft. Golf, Tennis. Lge. Pk., Gar., Bch.

Zurich-Dolder.—Dolder Grand Hotel.—1,900 ft. Golf in front of Hotel—Wonderful view—Swimming pool. Ideal for after-cures.

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The Bystander, May 8, 1935

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The BYSTANDER

Zeitgeist

By Gerald L. Brockhurst, A.R.A.

More of the "Bystander's" pick of the pictures in the Jubilee Academy appear on pages 241 and 242-3. *Copyright is reserved for the owner by "Royal Academy Illustrated"*

Mr. Geoffrey Toye, the managing director of the Royal Opera House Company, talking to Lady Colefax, who was wearing a velvet cape of dark green. He looks as if he was still worried about Max Hirzel's unlucky cold

Left: Lady Mullens and Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower were another mother-and-daughter combination who went to hear "Lohengrin," Lady Mullens wearing some lovely jewels

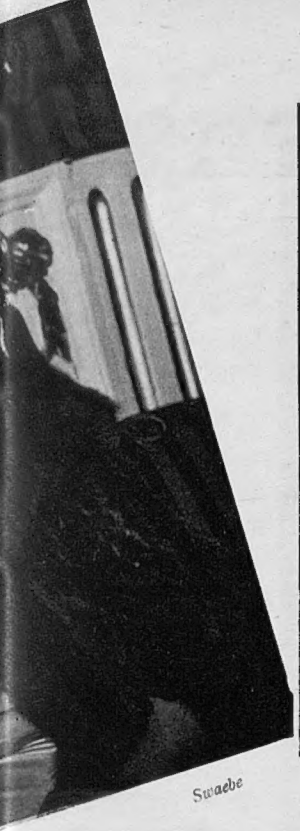
To Be Musical Is Now Fashionable

The Covent Garden Season Begins with *Lohengrin*

Right: Prince Wiekesheim talking to Lady Mary Dunn, who has got a box for the Wagner-Rossini season

Below: two more box-holders talking in the interval were Lord Esher and Lady Allendale; she was wearing an opera-ish tiara, and a dress of orchid mauve

Mr. Sidney Beer arrived with Lady Carnarvon, who was looking lovely, as usual, with a lacquer-red cape over her white dress. She is one of the box-holders this year



Swaebe

Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell was with the Duchess of Westminster in her box; they ran no risk of being shut out when the doors were locked, but arrived firmly in time for the second act

Swaebe

Above: Lord and Lady Selby on their way in, she in grey chiffon, with an Elizabethan collar of gold sequins, and lots of stars in her hair

Above, left: Lady Georgiana Curzon and her mother, Countess Howe, were in the stalls together, Lady Howe with a turquoise and diamond tiara to match her turquoise moiré dress

Below: Mrs. Claude Leigh, yet another box-holder, had her daughter and step-daughter, Joyce and Joan Leigh, with her on the opening night

Above: Mlle. Sylvia Regis de Oliveira arrived with Mr. German Riben

Left: Lord Hambleden, another of the Covent Garden regulars, and Lady Violet Astor, who was in ivory and gold with a green coat

Vandamm, New York

Leontovich and Hardwicke as the Russian Exiles in a Paris Kitchen

Eugenie Leontovich

The Russian Actress at the Lyric

TO see *Tovarich* is the theatrical chic of the moment, and that's mainly because Eugenie Leontovich acts in it. As the exiled Archduchess who, with her husband, the Prince (Sir Cedric Hardwicke), takes service with a Paris banker, she gives a grand performance, making of the mixed comedy and tragedy of her part a vividly entertaining and moving reality. She herself is a Russian exile, having escaped a year or two after the Revolution from Moscow, where she had been playing at the State Theatre. She built up her English-speaking career in New York, where one of her most successful parts was as the dancer in "Grand Hotel." She has done a good deal of Shakespearean work, particularly when she was at Moscow Imperial School of Dramatic Art. This is her first appearance in London

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 101

Grace Moore

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

GRACE MOORE—it is her real name—was originally a little Southern girl from Louisville, Kentucky, where one of her childhood friends was Tommy Douglas. From the start it was her ambition to become a star at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, and she did not care what she had to do to achieve this object. At first she was featured in the Music-Box Revues. In those days she was such a bad actress that Irving Berlin wrote all those songs for her when she sang into a telephone, and so it did not matter that she did not know what to do with her hands. She was a great success, and could have got plenty of work in revue thereafter, but instead saved up and came abroad to study in France. She must have left the stage for at least four years. Ultimately she reappeared at the Opéra in Paris. She then went to New York and got her chance with the Metropolitan Opera House, and was very popular during three seasons.

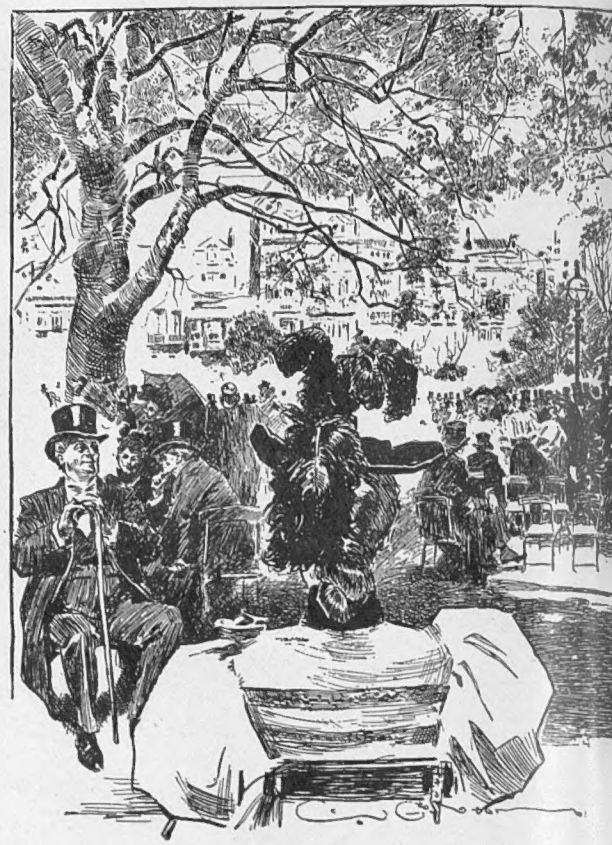
TALKIES were then supplanting silent pictures, and she went to M.-G.-M. to do two films. One was *New Moon*; the other was a Jenny Lind picture, and she was considered a dead failure in each. So that winter she went back to the Metropolitan Opera House and was a success once more. Next she married the Clark Gable of Spain, Valentine Perara, with whom she is divinely happy. (He being as dark as she is fair, they are an absurdly good-looking couple.) After this she returned to opera, and then switched once again to the stage, taking on the enormous part of Dubarry, in which she made a triumphant but purely personal success. This completely changed her status on the Coast, but when Columbia offered her the chief part in *One Night of Love* she asked for six thousand dollars a week. Columbia did not believe in her to that extent; whereupon she generously agreed to a nominal salary, with a percentage of the receipts. Of the various estimates of what this made, four hundred thousand dollars is likely to be nearest the truth.

Grace Moore is ideal in light Italian and French operas. She is charming as Mimi, Louise, and Manon. She has a beautiful villa near Cannes, and is the only opera singer who can laugh at herself. She also has a passion for mingling French words in her conversation.

She is mad about tennis and is not at all bad at it. With the exception of Lily Pons, she is the slimmest prima donna in the world, and is certainly the prettiest and the richest. Altogether a terribly attractive and very human person.

"The Queen Leaves Buckingham Palace"

The Diamond Jubilee Procession starts off to St. Paul's; from a painting by W. H. Overend, reproduced in the "Illustrated London News" of June 12th, 1897



"The Season in London: In Hyde

Society beauties of the Diamond Jubilee year of grace go shou top-hatted escorts. Drawn from life by C. Dana Gibson, an

HIGH LIFE in 1897...

Or, What They Did at the Last Jubilee

By MIRÓN

THE GRANDEST BALL EVER GIVEN in this country was largely an affair of diamonds, many from the new South African mines, to celebrate the last, or Diamond, Jubilee. The Devonshire Ball, a classic of social history, was given by the old Duke and Duchess at Devonshire House, in the presence of 700, including all the Royal Family, Ambassadors and Famous Ones, with everybody in Old Master costumes—some of the dresses cost a thousand—and wearing several million pounds' worth of jewels. Our Royalties have not put on fancy dress since that night.

The King, then Duke of York, was most impressive as the Earl of Cumberland, in gold-embroidered Genoa velvet and high felt hat with three grey feathers; while the Queen was in pearl-embroidered pale-blue satin, as a princess in the suite of Marguerite de Valois. The hostess was Queen Zenobia, in gold tissue embroidered all over with emeralds, sapphires and diamonds, with a train of green velvet. The Duke was Titian's Charles V. . . . .

● THE PRINCESS OF WALES was la Reine Margot, and the Prince an Elizabethan Knight of Malta. Among the lovelies, Lady Westmorland was Hebe, with a stuffed eagle; and Princess Henry of Pless was Queen of Sheba, in gold and purple gauze with immense turquoises and a bird of paradise and a crown.

The delightful Lady Tweedmouth was Elizabeth, and entertained her courtiers beforehand to dinner at Brook House (Lady Lonsdale was Lady Essex) and, as in the case of all the other "Courts" and groups, they went on together to the Ball, being received at the top of the marble stairs by the Devonshires, forming a procession and being presented to the Prince and Princess of Wales on the daïs.

At another big dinner at the (present) Duchess of Portland's, the hostess was Henrietta Maria. Sir Harry Stonor must remember being Lohengrin, Lady Randolph Churchill was the Empress Theodora, and her sister ("popular Mrs. Jack Leslie") Brünhilde.

Only Chatsworth roses were used at Devonshire House, and the old house, with the crystal chandeliers and illuminated garden, must have been a brilliant scene; even the servants of the "Courts" were in costume—the negroes, in knee-breeches and white wigs, adding an amusing touch. Many hostesses of to-day, such as Mrs. Ronnie Greville, were there, and they kept up the fun till five. . . .

● SOCIALITES of 1897, when the Duchess of Devonshire ruled Society, further included such famous figures as Frances, Lady Warwick, the beauty of the age, and her two sisters, "Millie" Duchess of Sutherland, and Lady Algy Gordon-Lennox, all three still with us; Lady Norreys, the wit of her time; (Teresa) Lady Londonderry, whom Lady Mairi Stewart is said to resemble; Lady Cowper and her parties at Panshanger; Sir Philip Sassoon's mother, Lady (Aline) Sassoon, and the Duchess of Leinster.

Survivors to 1935 include such beauties as Lady D'Abernon, Violet, Duchess of Rutland, Lady Mar and Kellie, still such a clever and witty hostess, Lady (Gay) Plymouth, Mrs. Keppell, Mrs. Rochfort Maguire, who, as daughter of the Speaker, had a salon before she married, Lady (Kitty) Cromer, and the Lonsdales.

Lady D'Abernon

The Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville

Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox

Park in the Afternoon"

themselves in the sunlit Park, accompanied by reproduced from the "Graphic," July 17th, 1897

And Lady Hindlip, at ninety, can remember she was the great political dinner hostess, while Lady Desborough and Lady Oxford are others from that time. . . .

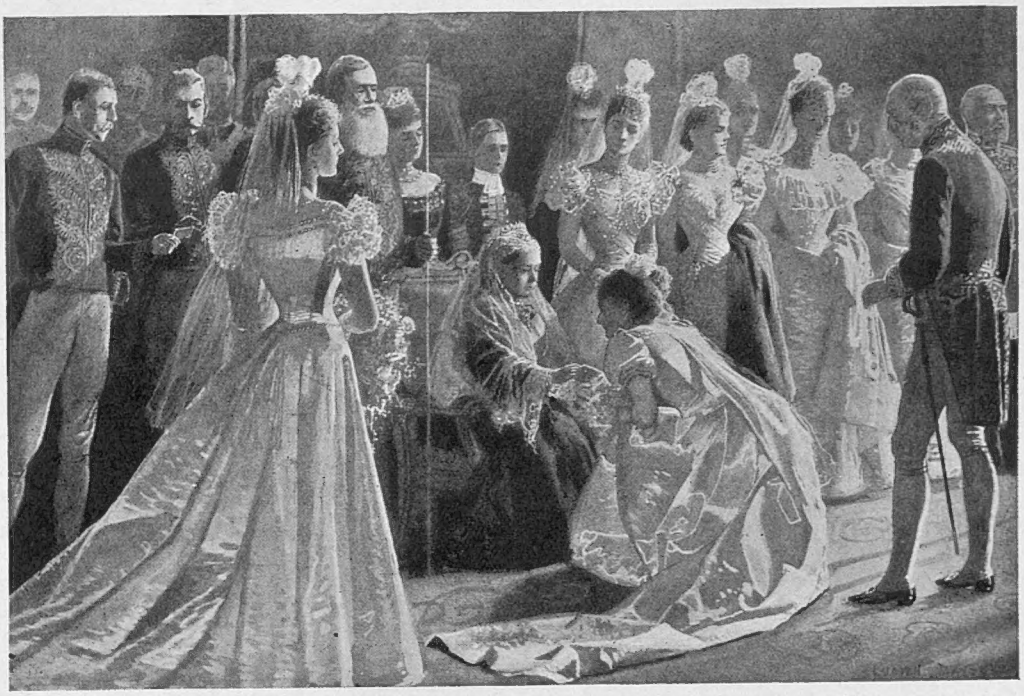
● The Finest Dinner-Party was given for the Royal set at Lansdowne House by Lady Lansdowne. They sat at six large, circular tables decorated with roses and fruit in Sèvres, and afterwards all went on to the Westminsters' Ball at Grosvenor House, where the flowers were pink and white, the picture gallery a ball-room and the Rubens room kept for sitting-out—one innovation being the absence of any special Royal table in the supper-room.

But after the Devonshire Ball glories the Season collapsed, and there was an awkward gap till Goodwood, Cowes, Trouville, Homburg, Bayreuth, and the moors. . . .

● Comic Relief was provided by the laughable scenes (though no one laughed) at the Covent Garden Gala, when the first verse of the National Anthem was sung in English by three soprani (Melba, Eames and another), the second verse in German by three contralti, and the third in French by the de Reszkes. A monstrous Royal Box, made up of ten boxes, contained three rows with one hundred royalties, Indian Princes, and the ambassadors — the fatal figure of Archduke Franz Ferdinand among them. Mr. Harry Higgins gathered 2000 orchids, 200 palms, and 10,000 Norfolk roses at a cost of £2000, and sold £9500 of tickets—but so many fainted, real flowers have never been used since. Even the detectives hired levée dress to watch the diamonds. . . .

● Their Jubilee Arrangements were the model for ours. A storm made the ambassadors and potentates ill at the Spithead Review, while both Houses of Parliament put out to sea and all Debrett was afloat. Vanished navies fired salutes, and searchlights lit up loving couples on shore.

In London, Guildhall threw a Luncheon and a Ball, Buckingham Palace saw a State Banquet and two afternoon Courts, and the Jubilee Procession, lined by six miles of troops and 50,000 police,



"The Queen's Drawing-Room at Buckingham Palace, May 11"

A Diamond Jubilee debutante makes her curtsey to the Queen. Second from the left is Vice-Chamberlain the Hon. A. E. Fellowes, M.P.; behind the Queen is the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Lathom; to the right of the Queen are the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Albany, Princess Victoria of Wales, Sir S. Ponsonby-Fane, and the Prince of Wales. From Lucien Davis' drawing in the "Illustrated London News," May 22nd, 1897

Coronation Year Photographs of Some Diamond Jubilee Beauties

Lady Desborough *Lady Oxford* *Violet, Duchess of Rutland*

with wooden stands fetching 1 to 10 guineas a seat, lasted from 11 to 2, and was so long that the first section reached the Strand when the Queen was getting into her carriage at the Palace. . . .

● Church Parade in a still motorless age revealed the fashion of small, belted waists, toques with spotted veils, flounced, braided, and beribboned dresses, usually grey—though tailor-mades were already seen at the race-meetings. Lord Coventry issued 2000 Ascot vouchers. The Smart Set bicycled in Battersea Park in fine-ribbed velveteen "Boston" blouses and knickers. And the Stage, far more important then, was all-star, with Irving, Terry, Alexander, Tree, Bernhardt, Wyndham, and such survivors to 1935 as Marie Tempest, the Vanbrughs, Hicks, Forbes-Robertson, "Mrs. Pat"—and the Tiller Girls, younger then. They also enjoyed Monsieur Lumière's (and what a name!) new Cinématographe. . . .

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Make It A Date!

Sketches by Rouson

"1066 and All That" (Strand)

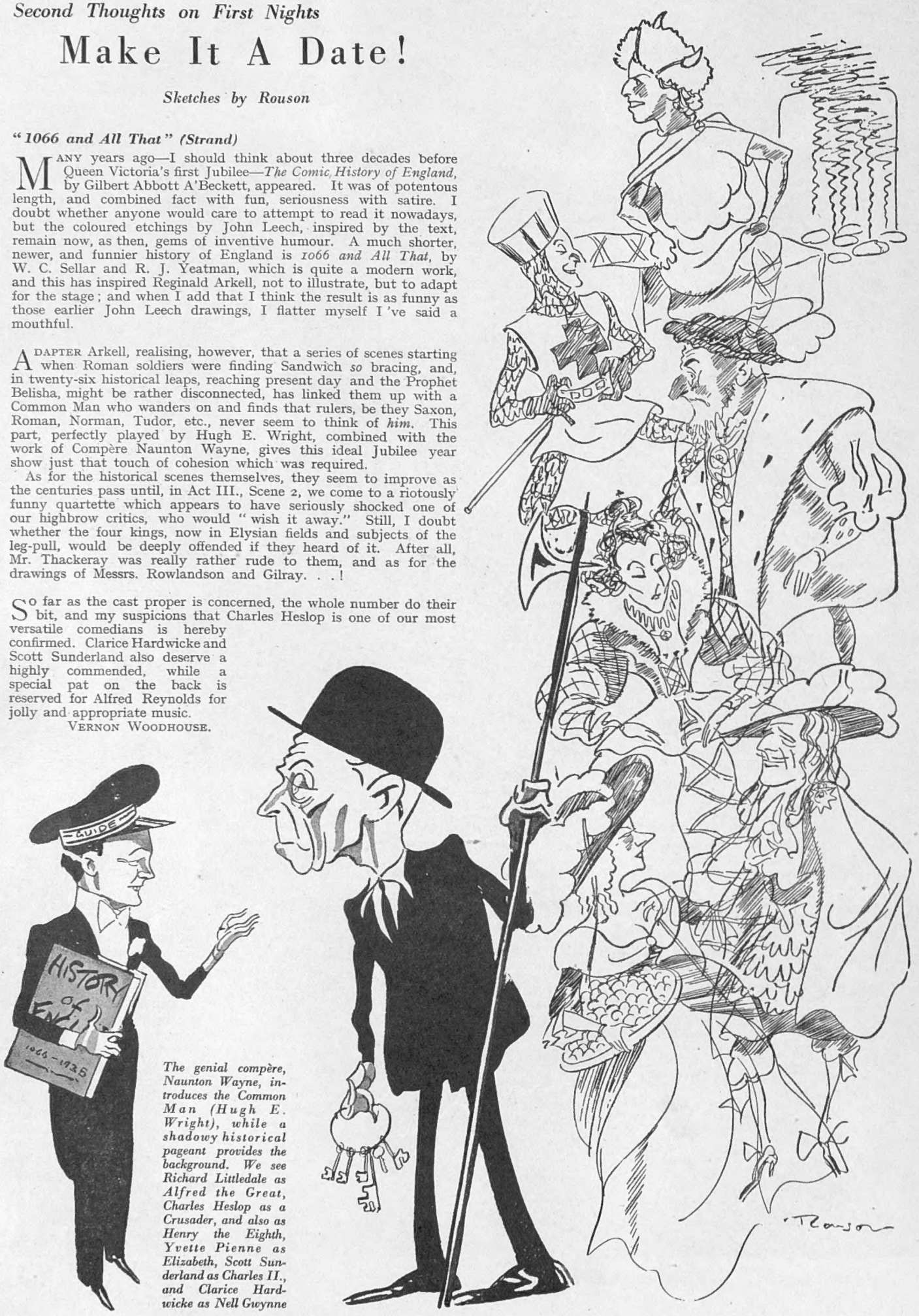
MANY years ago—I should think about three decades before Queen Victoria's first Jubilee—*The Comic History of England*, by Gilbert Abbott A'Beckett, appeared. It was of potentous length, and combined fact with fun, seriousness with satire. I doubt whether anyone would care to attempt to read it nowadays, but the coloured etchings by John Leech, inspired by the text, remain now, as then, gems of inventive humour. A much shorter, newer, and funnier history of England is *1066 and All That*, by W. C. Sellar and R. J. Yeatman, which is quite a modern work, and this has inspired Reginald Arkell, not to illustrate, but to adapt for the stage; and when I add that I think the result is as funny as those earlier John Leech drawings, I flatter myself I 've said a mouthful.

ADAPTER Arkell, realising, however, that a series of scenes starting when Roman soldiers were finding Sandwich *so* bracing, and, in twenty-six historical leaps, reaching present day and the Prophet Belisha, might be rather disconnected, has linked them up with a Common Man who wanders on and finds that rulers, be they Saxon, Roman, Norman, Tudor, etc., never seem to think of *him*. This part, perfectly played by Hugh E. Wright, combined with the work of Compère Naunton Wayne, gives this ideal Jubilee year show just that touch of cohesion which was required.

As for the historical scenes themselves, they seem to improve as the centuries pass until, in Act III., Scene 2, we come to a riotously funny quartette which appears to have seriously shocked one of our highbrow critics, who would "wish it away." Still, I doubt whether the four kings, now in Elysian fields and subjects of the leg-pull, would be deeply offended if they heard of it. After all, Mr. Thackeray was really rather rude to them, and as for the drawings of Messrs. Rowlandson and Gilray. . . !

SO far as the cast proper is concerned, the whole number do their bit, and my suspicions that Charles Heslop is one of our most versatile comedians is hereby confirmed. Clarice Hardwicke and Scott Sunderland also deserve a highly commended, while a special pat on the back is reserved for Alfred Reynolds for jolly and appropriate music.

VERNON WOODHOUSE.



The genial compère, Naunton Wayne, introduces the Common Man (Hugh E. Wright), while a shadowy historical pageant provides the background. We see Richard Littledale as Alfred the Great, Charles Heslop as a Crusader, and also as Henry the Eighth, Yvette Pienne as Elizabeth, Scott Sunderland as Charles II., and Clarice Hardwicke as Nell Gwynne

Elizabeth and Valerian Wellesley at Penns in the Rocks. By Rex Whistler

The Jubilee Academy

Decorative Portraits at Burlington House

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HEADLINE news the Royal Academy has been this year, thanks to the Hanging Committee and Mr. Stanley Spencer, the controversy ending gaily with a comet's tail of letters in the Press from eminent artists and connoisseurs of similar disputes in the past. One of Mr. Spencer's pictures is reproduced on page 243. This week the public take their first view of the several hundreds of pictures that weren't rejected. The Private View at Burlington House was last Friday, and the first day of the general showing on Monday

Lord David Cecil. By Augustus E. John, R.A.

Mrs. Stanley Clarke. By Gerald L. Brockhurst, A.R.A.

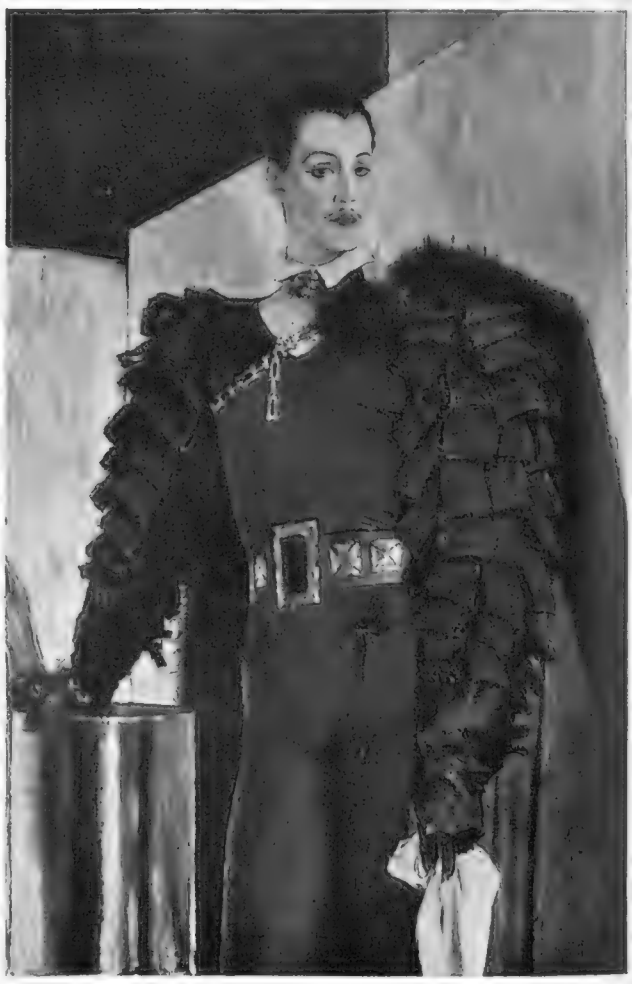
Mrs. Vyvyan Drury and Romaine. By W. O. Hutchison

The Mourner. By George Belcher, A.R.A

My Wife, My Horse, Myself. By A. J.

Orthodox and

Anna Sten as "Nana." By Robert D. Greenham



Glen Byam Shaw, Esq., as Laertes
By Glyn W. Philpot, R.A.

Munnings, R.A.

Maruja the Strong. By *W. Russell Flint, R.A.*

Unorthodox

Pictures of the Year in the 1935 Royal Academy

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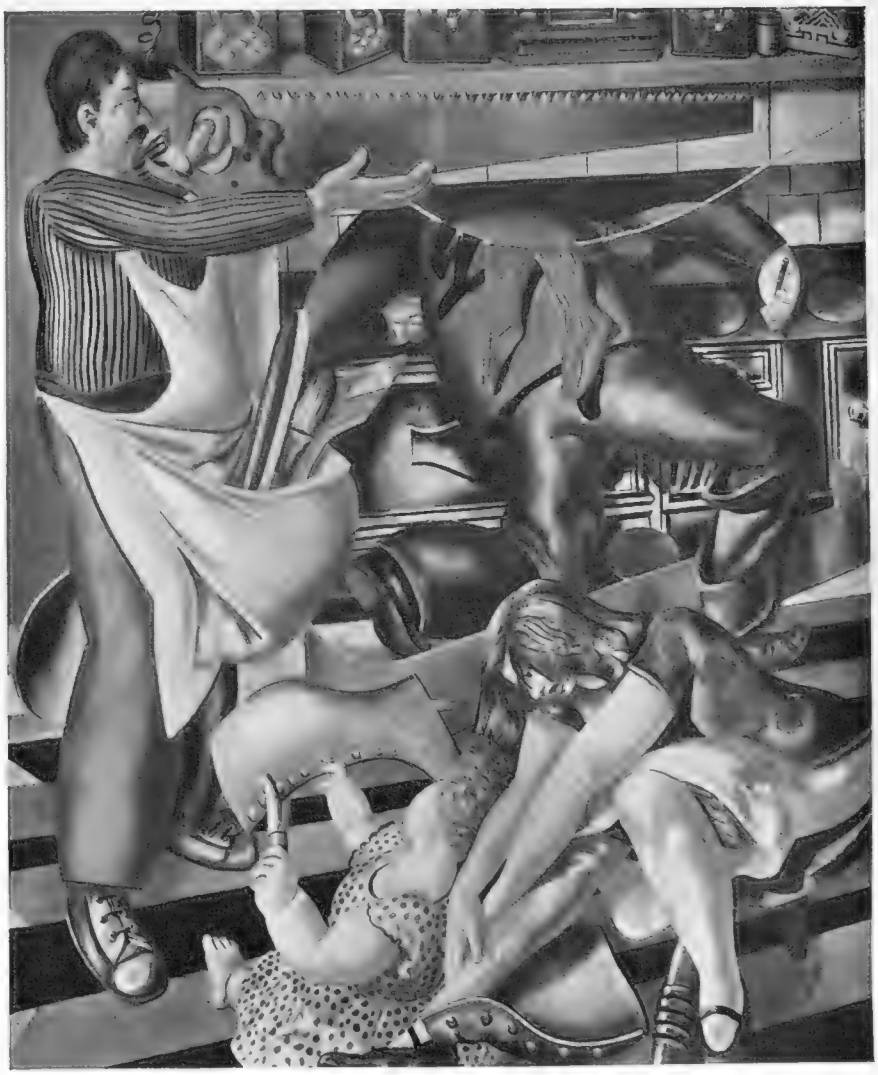
Gala
By Dame Laura Knight, D.B.E., A.R.A.



Workmen in the House
By Stanley Spencer, A.R.A.

Race-Cards and Pencils

The Spring Meeting at Sandown Park

Mrs. Morley Kennerley

Jean Simpson-Baikie that was, wearing a well-checked suit of blue and white. She is a great friend of Princess Mdivani's, and goes around with her most of the time when she's in Europe

Right: David Looker and Ralph Harbord are a popular pair of young men wherever they are—racing, riding the Cresta, or going to debutante parties

Ex-Debutante Step-Sisters

Eileen Watson came out last year, and Aurea Stewart-Johnson the year before. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart-Johnson are giving a cocktail-party for them at Claridge's this week. They were photographed at Sandown on the Saturday

Below: Mrs. "Algy" Dawson's husband is the well-known cricketer; her sister, Daphne Wedekind, had a great success when she came out three years ago, and is now at the R.A.D.A.

Mrs. Joan Noble

Is one of the best-dressed of the race-going community. Her mother, Mrs. Hill, came over here from New York in good time for the Jubilee

Sisters—Mrs. "Algy" Dawson and Daphne Wedekind

Pat Grinling is with Diana Gilbey, a niece of Sir Walter Gilbey's; she thought it might rain, but it didn't

The Ritz Goes Parisian

In Honour of the Jubilee

Photographs by Swaebe

Lord Lurgan, the good-looking, white-haired chairman of the Ritz-Carlton Hotels, sitting under one of the new magnolia trees that grew up in a night at the Ritz, with Lady Worthington-Evans on one side of him, and Lady Drogheda on the other

Above: Mr. Colin Kingham, Mrs. John Bryan Faye, Captain Scott Kingham, Mrs. Trevor, and Major Robert Chanter were five of the big crowd at the Ritz on its opening night last week

Left: Hildegarde, the cabaret star from Paris, who goes over big in London, singing one of her songs; sometimes she plays her own accompaniment on the silver piano

Above: Miss Valerie Brooke, Mr. William Walker, Lady Patricia Mackay, and Mr. John Ryland. Miss Valerie Brooke's sister is Lady Patricia Mackay's stepmother; what relation does that make them to each other?

Above: Miss Mala Brand, still looking well and sunburnt from her Norwegian trip, was in the same party as Lord Donegall at the opening night

Left: Mr. Mark Sevastopoulo, Lady Brougham and Vaux, and Mr. Ralph Milbanke were in another party, but didn't get one of the magnolia-tree tables. All the women were delighted with the lighting, which makes them look pretty good

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Lord Stanley of Alderley

Left: Lord Stanley of Alderley was sketched at Mrs. Simon Harcourt-Smith's cocktail-party the other day. His youngest sister, the Hon. Victoria Stanley, is one of the most important of the Jubilee debutantes

THE "BYSTANDER'S" JUBILEE NUMBERS

This week we present a brief pictorial survey of the King's reign. For a complete record we recommend to our readers the magnificent special numbers of "The Illustrated London News" and "The Sphere." Our Film article and "Sport with the Lid Off" are crowded out of this issue. Next week's "Bystander" will contain the best Jubilee Day pictures and a brilliant double-page cartoon in colour of the celebrities of the last twenty-five years

Mrs. Simon Harcourt-Smith

Wore a long black taffeta dress for her cocktail-party, with puffed sleeves and a little ruffle round her neck. Her husband is in the Foreign Office

Miss Greta Turnbull

Is a West Country hunting regular; she helped to organise the Blackmore Vale hunt ball, which was held at Sherborne School, with great success. She has attractive auburn hair, and her dark-green suit went well with it

THE Jubilee has dominated all our thoughts and conversation, and the Opera and the Royal Academy have been temporarily in the shadow, although the brilliance of the performances at the former and the tiffs between Mr. Stanley Spencer and the Selection Committee of the latter have been very noticeable.

THE audience on the first night at Covent Garden was divided into two classes—those who wanted to be seen there on the opening night, and those who went to hear the music. At the subsequent performances, fortunately, the latter class prevail, in quantities which show that London is the musical centre of the world, and in qualities which prove that they know just as much about music as the much-talked-of Continental audiences.

The opening performance of *Lohengrin* was as fine as anything Vienna or Berlin could produce: Melchior, Kipnis, Lotte Lehmann and Jannssen saw to that. Probably the singing of Jannssen, the baritone, has been, artistically, the best performance so far: his Kurvenal in *Tristan and Isolde* was a triumph of acting and singing—so was Melchior's effort in the last act. Rudolf Bockelmann is the man to look out for in *The Ring*. Conchita Supervia had a special crate of orchids sent up from Rustington by her husband, which she deserved for her singing in *La Cenerentola*.

BEAUTY and musical intelligence are combined in the person of Lady Carnarvon, a very regular attendant. Miss Peggy Gordon Moore quotes from a musical experience not yet as deep as that of the author of *The Perfect Wagnerite*, but with almost as much assertion. The Duchess of Westminster and Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell are two intelligent yet very ornamental patronesses of the opera season; so is Princess Hohenlohe, who is usually accompanied by Lady Snowden. The "crush" room is still most aptly named—I find it one of the few (but it is probably unavoidable) flaws in Mr. Geoffrey Toye's otherwise excellent management. Miss Roma June and Miss Sepha Treble are frequently in Mr. "Mossie" Myers' box: his gold-knobbed stick gives him the authoritative look of a director of the opera syndicate.

LORD ALLENDALE gave a big party at his house in Piccadilly after the first night, to which many of the "stars" came—not those who had been singing, for they had been on the stage for nearly five hours. Mrs. Victor Cochrane-Baillie was there, also Lady Dashwood and Mr. Sidney Beer, who went on to the "black and white" (dresses, not whisky) pay party organised at the Savoy by Lady Weymouth, Lady Stavordale, and Lady Castlerosse, who looks very contented after her visit to Dr. Dengler. So many of her friends commented on her improved good looks. Mrs. de Winton

Mrs. Graeme Ogden

Was in Lord Lurgan's party at the opening night of the new "Café Chantant" Ritz. She was in smoke-grey chiffon sprinkled with silver stars, and looked, as usual, very attractive

Lady Drogheda

Was another member of Lord Lurgan's party, and was wearing black taffeta with a wide berthe collar in white. Cabaret turns and dancing alternate at the Ritz, which contributes to its high-low life in Paris atmosphere

Wills, whose brother-in-law, George, is engaged to one of the Misses Hare (the "electric" one's sister), was in white. Mrs. Freddie Cripps wore pink, but was not reproved by the hostesses. Lady Jersey, Lady Dufferin, the Duke of Marlborough, and Lady Bridget Poulett were others who contributed to the success of the party, the life and soul of which was Mr. Dudley de la Vigne.

IT is unfortunate that my Roman Scandals number must be temporarily and unavoidably postponed: the poor Princesses must, for the moment, pine away in their palazzi, unmentioned, but, let us hope, not unloved. How Princess Jane di San Faustino introduced Lord Beauchamp to Roman society, thinking that he was Lord Berners, is one of those amusing cases of mistaken identity which are in my notes to relate to you.

Right: Dorothy Hyson, all in turquoise blue, was at Dennis Bradley's cocktail-party with her fiancé, Robert Douglas. Her little initial brooch is in diamonds

Left: Lady Bridport, in an ermine cape that went with her black and white dress, had dinner with the Wingfield-Digbys at Sherborne Castle before the Blackmore Vale hunt ball, and that was when she was sketched

Lady Bridport

RESTAURANT life has been at its gayest, as you will be well aware when you realise that the Ritz has a cabaret. Captain Frank Covell, introducing pretty Hildegarde to the directorate (average age over three-score years and ten) as his chosen for their cabaret, fairly bustled up the minutes of their board meeting. At the Carlton, too, this go-ahead body of young-old men have put a new complexion on things. Jubilee Year is proving almost revolutionary.

IN the evening the Berkeley opened up its restaurant, complete with its new modern decorations and every gadget for keeping out the noise of Piccadilly and for providing patrons with fresh air without draughts. Sir Harry and Lady Lyons came with Mr. Richmond Temple's party; Sir Percy was celebrating Lady Simmons's birthday by eating her health in cake; Mrs. "Bertie" Stern showed that she is well recovered after her recent illness, and also that she is absurdly youthful to be Mr. Sidney Beer's aunt.

THE Hungaria had a gala night that evening, too, with the Kitzbühl Tyroleans in their best form. These stalwart Austrian blonde young men are well known to all who visited Kitzbühl in the winter, and listened to by the Austrian Minister, Baron Franckenstein, gave their opening performance under the best auspices. Sir John Maffey was in his party, and another big group was that of Major Kenneth Savory, one of the partners in Dorlands, the famous advertising firm. Major Savory keeps up exactly the same ebullient spirits as when he used to smoke behind haystacks on Sunday afternoons as a schoolboy at Uppingham. These reminiscences reappear annually when he escorts the Free Foresters' cricket side on its visit there. Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Davis were in his party. The Tyroleans yodelled away to their hearts' content; also to the delight of the audience, which imbued itself with a gemutlich spirit by putting on Austrian hats. The Prince of Nepal brought his very attractive wife, who wore diamonds as big as pebbles.

Miss Dorothy Hyson

A PARTY for tired business men, without their wives, but with blondes, was given at the Savoy Hotel in the Pinafore Room, also on this evening. Mr. Ernest Thornton Smith read in the papers the next day that he had given the party: but he modestly did not make this claim for himself. I am sure that very many of the guests had long taxi drives to the suburbs at dawn.

MR. PEEPS

Woman to Woman

MRS. ERNEST SIMPSON, looking like night itself, in an attractive midnight-blue dress sprinkled all over with golden stars, had a party with

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

Lady Warwick in Hollywood

Lady Warwick and Edmund Lowe were photographed on their way back from the Hollywood Easter church parade. Edmund Lowe is the star of "Black Sheep," the Fox film in which she had a small part

Miss Sheila Hennessy, who is extremely attractive, and, unfortunately for all of us, lives most of the year in Paris. She was one of the four grown-ups at the tail of the procession. Mrs. Michael Bull (a sister of the bride) brought her husband to "ush." and her small son as a spectator. Another of the latter was Mrs. Roy Mackenzie, who is just about to fly (literally) off to Egypt again, but not for long this time, merely to collect her husband and return to us at the end of June. Miss Jean Combe, in brown, was another at the reception, and that

Miss Rosemary O'Malley-Keyes

Above: Rosemary O'Malley-Keyes eating her lunch at Punchestown Races. In Ireland she is described as "a noted English beauty"; over here she's thought of as half "of Ireland" and half "of Biarritz"

Right: Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Ryder and Lord Ronald Graham at Mr. Dennis Bradley's cocktail-party, which was planned in Austria; the invitations were sent out in German

A London-Kitzbühl Cocktail-Party

Royals given her by the bridegroom. Her retinue was all white, with scarlet bouquets, and the tiny child bridesmaids were enchanting. As to who was there, it would take pages to name them all. The Navy was naturally well represented. Lady Patricia Ramsay and her husband being amongst them. Cabinet Ministers, or, if not themselves, their wives, were there in full force. One wife without her husband was Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, in coffee colour, hat and feathers and all to match. A Minister without his wife was Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister. Lord and Lady Scarsdale, besides bringing two daughters to be bridesmaids, brought their eldest daughter to look on, and also their youngest daughter in her nurse's arms. The Army, too, was well represented by all the Royals and ex-Royals who are in England, whose attractive and well-dressed wives could be recognised by the well-known eagle pinned to hats and dresses. Lady Howe, as usual, was the best-looking woman to be seen. She was talking to Lord Stanley when we spotted her. Lady Chamberlain was greeting many friends, and so was her daughter, her husband at the Savoy the other night, which included the Prince of Wales. Elsewhere in the room was Mr. Gervaise Tennyson d'Eyncourt (his wife has just presented him with a second son), helping Mr. and Mrs. Claude Leigh entertain a party of debutantes, including their tall, fair daughter. If she "made up" a bit more and had her hair slightly more waved, everybody would be at a loss to know which was mother and which was not. Mr. and Mrs. John Bethell arrived together, danced together, and left together. She had what, in the distance, looked like a tartan bow in her hair. Wondering why it should be tartan, we looked closer and discovered it to be a piece of the print of her dress tied in a jaunty and most attractive manner. A couple we were delighted to see together were Mr. and Mrs. Billy Kingsmill. He is the son of Mrs. Redmond McGrath, and brother of Daphne and Pamela, who sell programmes at charity matinées. Others we noticed were Lady Plunket and Mr. Jim Lawrence. He must be a bit tall for her to dance with, but they seem to do it very well, in spite of the fact that her nose is somewhere about his top waistcoat button.

WHEN Miss Violet Hennessy married Captain Fordyce she dressed her bridesmaids in violet net, with violet straw bonnets, and dark purple sashes and ribbons. Captain and Mrs. Jimmy Hennessy's eldest daughter was in attendance on her "Aunt," and looked enchanting; so did the bride's cousin, enormously tall Miss Kitty Archer-Shee, who dwarfed everybody. There wasn't a man among all the Highlanders present that could touch her for height. Mrs. Graham Bailey came with her brother-in-law, and was attired in black with the neatest white satin hat perched on her head. Mrs. Edgar Barker was looking her best in a pale blue outfit that suited her to perfection. She had her mother, Mrs. Washington Singer, with her, and at least one or two brothers and sisters. Her youngest sister, Jean, married Mr. Freddy Hennessy, but they were unfortunately unable to be there as business had called them to America, which was very sad.

NEVER has a bride looked more lovely than Miss Diana Eyres-Monsell did when she married Major Casey last week. She wore a beautiful dress of white and gold, and a crown on her head of pearls and diamonds, and pinned to her dress was the eagle badge of the Mrs. Terence Maxwell, and likewise Sir Alexander Godley and his wife.

SURELY Dowagers would turn in their graves did they but know what was happening at the Ritz these days. Tradition is broken, and a cabaret has appeared, and by midnight you can hardly get into the room. The atmosphere is intimate, the scene brilliant, and the women lovely. What more could you want? Hildegarde was given a wonderful reception after her winter in Cannes. The Prince of Wales had a party there the other night, and seemed to enjoy dancing the Viennese and other waltzes that were played for his benefit. Mr. and Mrs. Pat Anderson were in his party, and so was Major Bowen. Captain Roland Cubitt had the attractive Mrs. "Flash" Kellett with him; and Mr. Jim FitzGerald, one of our regular "out and about-ers," danced round as if the band came up to all his expectations.

MRS. PEEPS

A Racing Reverie

A Classic Winner

By "Regular"

THE bravest woman I met at the Guineas was the one who went up to a member of the Stanley House family and told him that Bobsleigh's proper course was a three-furlong one in an egg-and-spoon race.

WHILE thinking that she was unduly pessimistic regarding Bobsleigh's future, one cannot get away from the fact that a blunder has been made somewhere. His connections considered him the horse of the century, and betted accordingly; but shortly after passing the Bushes he was beaten, and once they met the rising ground he had not a million-to-one chance.

MY own opinion of Bobsleigh is that he *may* be a great horse *one* day, but I cannot see that day coming along before Doncaster, at the earliest. Horses, we know, are funny things, and can improve out of all knowledge in a month. Nevertheless, I cannot visualise Bobsleigh making sufficient progress to have any chance of beating Bahram at Epsom. Bahram gave him more than a stone beating in the Guineas, and, if all goes well with him, is the biggest certainty for the Derby I have ever seen.

A LOVELY horse, with a lovely disposition, Bahram is a worthy classic winner. From the day I first saw him win at Sandown as a two-year-old, I have always held him to be one of the best horses I have ever seen, and his smashing victory last Wednesday proved me to be right.

I WAS wrong, though, in my estimation of Theft after he had won the Greenham, and I apologise humbly to him. At Newbury I thought he hated racing, and I would not have him at any price for the Guineas. With Barham out of the way, Theft would have been a very easy winner. He ran a great race.

GOOD horses are known to make good jockeys; but they certainly make good girls very naughty, for their very presence in a race seems to make the fair sex lose all control. One blonde you all know had sixty times her normal stake on Bahram and Bobsleigh coupled. If neither had won, Ladbrokes would have had to be very patient.

PRINCE ALY KHAN paid one of his fleeting visits to Newmarket, and backed both Bahram and Theft each way, but the Aga, who works harder than any man I know, was not present. I watched the race with Prince Aly, and I need hardly say that he did not have an anxious moment. I know no man who derives more genuine fun from his racing than Prince Aly. When one of their horses wins, he runs like a hare to the unsaddling enclosure to greet it on its return, and it would be impossible to imagine him becoming blasé.

"POTTED HELL" was how I heard a well-known Regular describe Guineas Day, simply because the place was rather full and he had to wait his turn at the Rails, and also in the bar. For myself, I welcome this influx of non-Regulars, especially when they are as good-looking as they were last Wednesday. I spotted two absolute "fizzers," but, try as I might, I could not ascertain who they were.

Surrey Steeplechasing

Miss V. Doulton-White and Mr. and Mrs. Roger Tomkins at the Old Surrey and Burstow Hunt Steeplechases at Marsh Green, near Lingfield, one of the last rush of country jump meetings before the end of April

I MET a number of people who were very nervous as to how they would be received by their female acquaintances as the result of their behaviour at a certain "pay party" on the previous night.

THIS party was attended largely by the crème de la crème of the racing world, and was one of the "best ever," which is another way of saying that more members of the aristocracy got nicely, thank you, than had happened for a long time.

ONE lady promised not to tell his wife on condition he settled her account with her bookmaker, which was, of course, bare-faced blackmail. He will, nevertheless, pay like a lamb.

I KNOW nothing about women's clothes, and care less, but for those who are interested in such things, I have never seen two better-turned-out women than Mrs. Betty Fielden and Mrs. Donny Player; while Lady Stavordale, Mrs. Philip Dunne, Mrs. Smith Bingham, and Miss Monica Sherriffe all looked grand. There were masses of others, including, of course, those two "fizzers" I've already told you about.

THE failure, utter and complete, of Felicitation was a bit of a blow to some, though Fred Darling thought he was certain to beat him with Tai-Yang. Fred has always maintained that when Tai-Yang is sound, which in the past has been about once every two years, he is the best horse he has ever trained. As Fred has trained four Derby winners, Tai-Yang must be pretty smart. He certainly won like a smasher,

On the Flat at Sandown

The Hon. Peter Beatty and Lady Ursula Manners on their way from the paddock to the enclosure at the Spring meeting at Sandown

Mrs. Sieff and Her Trainer

Mrs. Sieff owns Watchdog, which was ridden in the Esher Cup at Sandown by Gordon Richards; she is with Mr. Martin Hartigan, her trainer

after going down to the post like you and I going to bed after a thick night. This caused the bookmakers to knock him out from 7 to 4 to 5 to 2.

MR. ESMOND and his daughter both won races on the opening day, thanks largely to the skilful handling of E. Smith, who is on the flood-tide of success, and riding with that supreme confidence which only comes to a jockey who is riding half-a-dozen winners a week.

SMITH'S handling of Rosecrag was the best bit of jockeyship I have seen this season. As an example of perfect timing, it was worthy of Steve, Gordon, "Brownie," Fred Fox, and Joe Childs at their best. I can bestow no higher praise.

Major Edward Latham and Lady Gwendoline Jellicoe

Major Edward Latham, R.H.A., and Admiral of the Fleet Earl and Countess Jellicoe's eldest daughter, Lady Gwendoline Jellicoe, had a big wedding at All Souls, Langham Place (guard of honour by the bridegroom's regiment, and Ventnor Girl Guides), and at 7, Cadogan Square. Lady Gwendoline Jellicoe wore gold, and so did her bridesmaids

Capt. Charles Fordyce and Miss Violet Hennessy

Captain Charles Fordyce and Miss Violet Hennessy, Major Sir George and Lady Hennessy's second daughter, were married at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens, and had pipers from the bridegroom's late regiment, the Seaforth Highlanders, to play them out of church. The two grown-up and six child bridesmaids all wore mauve and violet dresses and sashes

Weddings of the Week

Five Orange-Blossom Events That Made the Crowded Streets a Bit More Crowded

The Earl of Birkenhead and the Hon. Sheila Berry

There was another enormous turn-out for the St. Margaret's, Westminster, wedding of Lord Birkenhead and the Hon. Sheila Berry, Lord and Lady Camrose's second daughter. The bride wore ivory satin, and her bridesmaids and pages wore white and gold. The reception was at 25, St. James's Place

Captain and Mrs. Roger Peake crossing the Horse Guards Parade. He is in the Royals, the bridegroom's late regiment, and she was Nancy Pritchard

Some Guests and a Small

Lady Scarsdale, making one of her first appearances since her accident in Switzerland, had her eldest daughter, the Hon. Ann Curzon, with her. Two of her daughters were bridesmaids

Mr. Kenneth Savill and Miss Jacqueline Hughes

Left : Mr. Kenneth Savill, 12th Royal Lancers, son of Mr. W. H. Savill, of Upton Grey, Basingstoke, and Mrs. A. G. B. Wilson, and Miss Jacqueline Hughes, daughter of Lieut. Colonel J. Salusbury Hughes, Grenadier Guards, and Mrs. Hughes, had a St. Margaret's, Westminster, wedding, a guard of honour of lancers, and a Prince's Gate reception

Right : Major Alan Stewart Casey and Miss Diana Eyres-Monsell, eldest daughter of Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Lady Eyres-Monsell, had an enormous crowd at their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and the reception at Admiralty House. The bridegroom used to be in the Royals, and is now joint-Master of the Earl of Harringtons

Major Alan S. Casey and Miss Diana Eyres-Monsell

Bridesmaid On Their Way to the Casey—Eyres-Monsell Reception at Admiralty House

The Brazilian Ambassador, Senhor Dr. Regis de Oliveira, talking to Mrs. Charles Cartwright on their way to Admiralty House from the church

Lady Dashwood, who was all in black and white, with the shallowest of little white hats, had Mr. Cedric Alexander to accompany her to the reception

Mrs. John Congreve, and her bridesmaid daughter, Audrey, and Miss Mary Collins, watched the new "young-marrieds" depart. Mrs. Congreve and Miss Collins are two of the bride's greatest friends

Austria—Hungary

The Opening Night of the Kitzbühl-Tyroleans at the Hungaria

It's Always Gay To Wear An Austrian Hat

Miss Gipsy Daniela, Mr. Leslie Barrow, and Fräulein Mia Schwartz got the "Tyroler-Bal" spirit, and wore the management's Austrian hats with a good will

Mrs. Jim Forbes talking to the Austrian Minister, Baron Franckenstein, who was there to see his compatriots making their first appearance as cabaret artists in London

The Prince and Princess of Nepal dancing together on the Hungaria's crowded floor

Above: Mlle. Alice Delysia is with Mr. Harold Richardson. Her next London part is by way of being in a comedy with George Robey as partner—a grand combination

Left: Magda Kun and Steve Geray, the husband-and-wife stars of "Let's Go Gay," came on after their show; they are Hungarian themselves

THE Kitzbühl-Tyrolan Band have already plenty of friends in London, as they were one of the most popular features of the last Kitzbühl season. The Prince of Wales heard them several times when he was doing his Austrian ski-ing. Their opening night at the Hungaria was last Monday week.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Peter Clark

Isobel, the artistic and successful exponent of all-British fashions, has this year realised her ambition, and has assembled in her salons day and evening frocks and wraps that have no rivals to fear. She studies not only line and cut, but all those details which mean so much to the well-dressed woman. The suit portrayed may be seen in her salons, 223, Regent Street. It is carried out in black hopsack, and is worn with a white georgette blouse. The latter has a wide berthe collar of embroidered organdie with a scalloped edge. This idea is repeated in the deep organdie cuffs on the loose jacket

Flecked Tweed and Shetland Wool

This tailored suit has been designed by Studd and Millington, of Chancery Lane and Conduit Street. It is carried out in beige tweed flecked with brown, and costs 7½ guineas. The skirt shows a new variation in inverted pleats, and the coat fastens with link buttons in hand-carved wood. Other suits are obtainable for 6½ guineas, and, needless to say, the cut is always perfect. A feature is also made of cashmere and angora jumpers in many attractive colours

Pure Shetland wool is used for this simple frock, which is entirely hand-knitted. It has short raglan sleeves and a ribbed waistline. The belt, scarf collar, and cuffs are in shagreen and brown, while the dress itself is oatmeal coloured. From the Shetland Industries, 92, George Street, W., it costs 4 guineas. There are also extra-fine hand-knitted wool cardigans, with jumpers to match, and two-piece suits in cable stitch with flared skirts for golf and the country

Lenare

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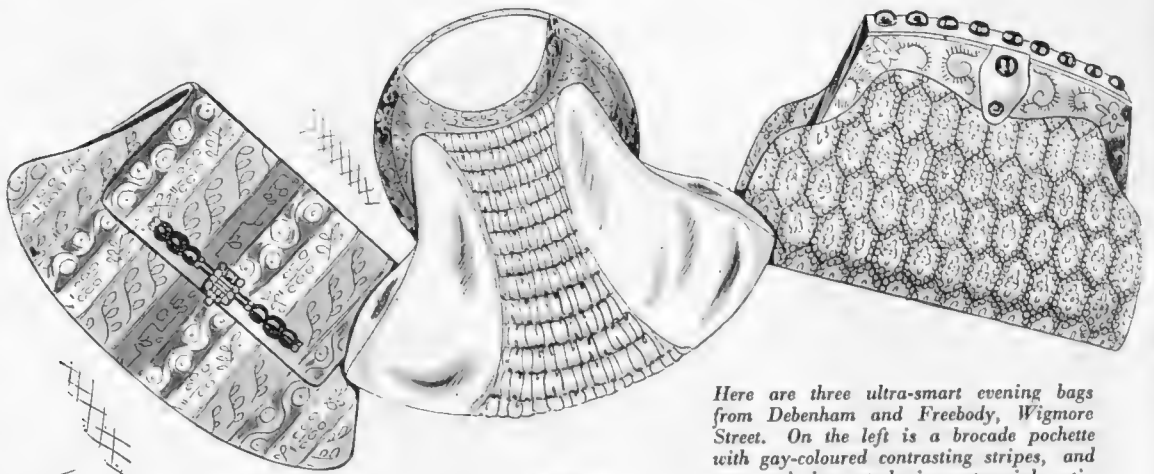
John Tait & Partners.

THE BYSTANDER TWINS in search of NOVELTIES

DISCOVERED BY PETA; PICTURED BY PAM.



Here are three ultra-smart evening bags from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. On the left is a brocade pochette with gay-coloured contrasting stripes, and next to it is a study in oyster-pink satin with a shirred panel down the centre, and a gilt filigree mount. The bag on the right is in green-and-gold brocade, with a novel gilt frame studded with dark-green stones

Something new and amusing in the way of reading-lamps may be seen at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. The giraffe portrayed is made in red leather, with an electric bulb hanging from its mouth. It is available in other colours and costs 26s. 9d.

Pink washing satin encrusted with ecru lace makes this becoming breakfast jacket from Walpole's, New Bond Street. It is available in other pastel shades, and costs 29s. 11d. On the right is a red, white and blue printed crêpe-de-Chine blouse, also from the same firm

Gloves are of primary importance, and those pictured may be seen at Debenham and Freebody. The top pair are white kid with black stitching and gauntlets trimmed with black pleating, while the ones below are three-quarter-length kid with crystal buttons

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

TRY as we would, we couldn't get a verse of an old song out of our head as we read a comment of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* on Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's recent article in his own paper on Germany and Stresa, which stirred up the German Press so surprisingly. The *Frankfurter Zeitung*, more in belly-pains than sorrow, remarked that it could hardly believe such things of "'Good Old Mac,' who was once a pacifist, as well as a Socialist, an abomination to millions of his fellow-countrymen."

The verse running through our head was one we remember—heaven knows how, seeing we heard it on ten days' leave — in a war-time revue. Which revue, we couldn't say. We saw *Bubbly*, and *Tails Up*, and *Cheep*, and *Shell Out*, and a few more, all exactly the same, and enveloped in a curious pink fog, not unpleasant. Verse, anyway, from song in one of these :

Great Scott ! Traitors were shot
When Elizabeth reigned as our Queen ;
And Ramsay, we hope,
Will get plenty of rope,
But before the clock strikes Thirteen.

It isn't particularly vital as a piece of English poetry, and we could pick a few holes in the first couplet as a piece of historical affirmation, too, but for some reason we 've always remembered it, though we couldn't recite you a line of Rupert Brooke now if you paid us. Isn't that odd ? Isn't it odd, too, how things alter ? Isn't (if it comes to that) pretty nearly everything pretty damned odd, anyway ?

Mind Your Eye, M' Lady

SINCE going a bit psychic on you the other day with our true experience of being in a room full of charming Victorian ghosts, we 've absorbed some interesting information about poltergeists — the jolly little fellows who get into the newspapers occasionally by mysteriously breaking up furniture and throwing plates and fire-irons and things at people. Father Herbert Thurston, S.J., of Farm Street, who studies psychic phenomena, lectured on them the other afternoon. Without being dogmatic on the point, he thinks poltergeists exist and will repay scientific investigation. They 're independent of the laws of motion, they 're always invisible to adults (but sometimes visible to very small children, from dependable evidence), they 're harmless to life and limb, but the very devil with property, they operate in their breezy, tiresome little way as isolated cases, and they play the fool only with the inexperienced, and without warning.

Our own theory is that a good place to search for poltergeists would probably be Fleet Street, where their talent for making naughty little mischief and messing the citizenry about finds a lot of scope. Another and more obvious theory we have is that a lot of dish-throwing in Mayfair, especially on Saturday night, is blamed, quite unjustly, on poltergeists. If the Psychical Research Society snooped now and again round those saloon-bars off the great Squares frequented exclusively by upper servants, they might learn something to their advantage ; who knows ?

" I still don't think it 's fair "

Vanished Summer

WE were discussing the theatre the other evening with one of the three English playwrights of the moment who really make money out of it. He said : " It 's quite easy to see that there 's no big money to be made in the London theatre nowadays, because there aren't any Jews in it. The Jews have all gone over to films." This struck us as a good, simple working test. Where the honey is (as somebody remarked quite soundly in the Latin tongue a long time ago), there are the bees. And can they sting, sometimes !

He sighed, did this playwright bloke, for the sunny pre-war days, when the theatre was the Theatre, and almost any play ran a solid six months, and big boys, like Maugham or Barrie, could regularly make a five-figure income in a year. (It was much the same, on a very small scale, in the essay trade, as Chesterton and Belloc and Lucas could probably tell you. Who buys essays now ?) Well may the playwright of to-day bite his inky nails when he thinks of that golden age when the theatre was money, so to speak, for jam.

We heard a charming story, incidentally, of a wealthy American playwright. The kind heart of " Jimmy " Gleason, who wrote *Is Zat So ?*, *The Fall Guy*, and other Broadway and Hollywood successes, and acts in them as well, prompted him a little time ago to write a piece in which he deliberately inserted about thirty parts for actors and actresses over seventy and down on their luck. Only a man who loves and belongs to the theatre would think of such an act of pure benevolence (if he could afford it), and it must have pleased everybody, including the audience— for what is pleasanter than a well-filled stage ?

The loneliest evening we ever spent in a theatre was at the Comédie-Française once, when they were playing Paul Géraldy's *Aimer*. Three— no, four long analytical acts, with only two characters in the whole piece. We longed to climb on the stage and comfort them in their

"So I said to myself—if a little spider can do it, I can!"

desolation. Had we yielded to this humane prompting, we know the nice little five-letter word they would have used, too. It begins with M, it is 95 per cent. of the conversation of Paris taxi-drivers, and you 'll find it now in the official Dictionary of the Académie.

Hero

WE give you fifty guesses, sweethearts, at the national hero celebrated in this nobly swelling panegyric:

"——was a national idol. The man was cast in such heroic mould, and there was so much concerning his exploits that was romantic. . . . His was a serene temperament which enabled him to go on fighting when all looked lost, and enabled him to retrieve so many positions that looked hopelessly impossible. It was sheer courage, and the public loves a fighter. . . . The crowd worshipped him, and he loved the crowd. . . . His friend and biographer conceded him an epitaph: 'Sans peur et sans reproche.'"

Charlemagne? The Black Prince? The Chevalier Bayard? Marlborough? Nelson? Sir Thomas More? Wellington? Gordon? The Cid Campeador? Don John of Austria? Haig? Foch? You may as well give it up, darlings; it 's a golfer (amateur), of whom, God help us, we never heard in our life till we happened to pick up a recent number of *Golf Illustrated*. (We bet you haven't, either.) This superman, a Mr. Tait, was apparently able to club a little, inoffensive white ball so heroically and bitterly that his demise some thirty years ago (we quote his panegyrist again) "threw a nation into mourning." We gather that his tomb is not in Westminster Abbey. Thus do the English so often reward their heroes with fickle ingratitude. We prophesy, quite soberly, that before long some idol of the race who can hit or kick a ball of some sort with godlike mastery *will* be buried in the Abbey. The new Episcopalian Cathedral of St. John in New York already has a series of huge stained-glass windows depicting base-ball players and golfers and cricketers and lawn tennis aces, and other saintly and heroic types, and our own ball-crazy nation itself is so rapidly becoming, as Voltaire said of the Prophet Habbakuk, "capable de tout," that we shan't be surprised if Jardine or Hobbs is eventually laid in a splendid alabaster shrine near the Confessor, with the silver grief of trumpets and the booming of a thousand guns, and a special black-bordered number of *Punch*.

Girl Gone Respectable

TALKING of *Punch*, which we regard with extreme veneration, frivolous as we are, we spent a wet Sunday afternoon in the country recently looking through the early numbers and marvelling at the refining influence of the years. During the editorship of Mr. Marcus Levi Solomon, who telescoped his name to "Mark Lemon," *Punch* was as different from the production we know, and love, to-day, as a very staid but quietly roguey spinster-lady is from a very rude, very noisy little girl of the streets, full of strange hates and constantly expressing them in a raucous treble, thumb to nose. We don't know exactly when the change began to set in—long before our childhood, anyway, because our Aunt used to explain the jokes to us when we were very young. (We miss her now!) We 've heard, too, that Henry James admired *Punch* greatly, and savoured the piercing wit therein, and if Henry James wasn't the quintessence of anguished refinement, who the devil was?

Anyway, that 's how we spent our Sunday afternoon, rising exhausted, but, as it were, purified from our self-imposed discipline, and terribly, terribly, deliciously thirsty. Try it some time.

"I take it Madam has already repented?"

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 30.—Thomas Burke

As the nouveau riche loves Mayfair,
As the cricketer loves Lord's,
As the Garrick Club is loved by
Certain snobs who "tread the boards,"
As the chorus-girl loves Brighton,
As the busy bee loves work,
So are Pennyfields and Limehouse
Loved by Mr. Thomas Burke.

When the rain is on the river
And the fog is in the street
Where the opiumber-tinted
Chinese pad on slippered feet,
He will find romance, excitement,
And strong thrills without a stop,
For where poppy-seeds are roasted
He 'll catch addicts on the "hop."

With a touch that 's sure and vivid
To a notable degree
He describes Chinks in the armour
Of respectability;
But his stories of the people
Who frequent these shady spots
Are so full of fiery spirit
They 're too strong for tiny "tots"!

B. W.

"This is Mr. Van Baxter, dear; he specialises in predicting the end of the world"

You Never Know

A FRIEND of ours who has just moved into chambers in the Temple, dismayed us the other day by going all mellow and Charles Lamb on us, though, before that, he was quite a decent, hearty. We 've no feeling against Lamb, a nice, gentle, silly little man who didn't know very much about anything and had a monstrously affected prose-style, and the consecrated bunk which surrounds him never worries us unduly; but it always perturbs us to see what places do to people.

We 've felt these influences. We once lived in the Adelphi, and the combined atmosphere of Barrie and Shaw was very difficult to withstand. We kept hiding mechanically behind pillar-boxes and blowing kisses at policemen, at the same time making wisecracks, not very good. In a Lake District hotel, we felt suddenly we wanted to recommend 259 new novels very warmly (Hugh Walpole influence) and make up lots of poems about cows, daisies, and old men with bunions (Wordsworth influence). Our most unnerving experience was at a party years ago, where we suddenly felt a wave of blind, relentless, searing passion, and wanted to rend large numbers of helpless women with our teeth. We discovered later that Ethel Mannin was in the room.

"The 'h,' Sir, is silent, as in Poonah!"

Beau

THE recent belated unveiling of a tablet to Beau Nash on the actual site of the old Assembly Rooms on the Grand Parade, where the Dictator of Bath cowed wild duchesses and made R-y-lty itself toe the line, set us pondering on the secret of the power over Society of men like Nash, Brummel, and d'Orsay; the secret, obviously, being that in their day Society had manners. Apart from which, scarcely one of the leading Beaux, or the Dandies who followed them, was a fool. Nash, like Brummel, was a wit and a philosopher. D'Orsay was a man of high courage and intelligence. We don't know much about Beau Nash's reign, except that he was more absolute than Hitler and twice as imposing, and he closed the Bath Assembly Rooms punctually at ten every night, and if the haughtiest and most spoilt aristocracy in English history didn't like it, they could lump it, egad! Is there any man in Mayfair to-day who can bring the dowagers to heel like that? What is the power of our fashionable man-milliners and head-waiters compared with Nash's?

We know, and you know, one or two prominent young beaux about Society who might very well fill the position of a modern Nash but for their delicate constitutions. At the first hint of a crisis of any kind, pop go their staylaces, they scream, their eyelashes fall off, they swallow half their lipsticks, and swoon. The Beaux and Dandies had the advantage there, since all of them were (we hope we 're not being coarse?) men.

THE BYSTANDERS.

Women's Golf:

Round the Counties

By Eleanor E. Helme

"Bystander" Scottish Foursomes at Lossiemouth. Entrance Form is on page x of this issue

Mother to Daughter

Lady Purvis-Russell-Montgomery presenting the silver bowl to her daughter as the winner of the silver division of the L.G.U. Bowls meeting at Gleneagles Hotel

Right: Miss C. Mordaunt and Miss. F. W. Eagle; and extreme right: Miss Elspeth Tod and Mrs. Eric Daysh, of Durban, South Africa, playing in the L. G. U. International Meeting at Ranelagh

Ranelagh Retrospect

DEAR BYSTANDER,

I HOPE you, and all those others whom it may concern, will chalk up large that the Girls' Championship is to be played a week earlier than first arranged, so as to avoid clashing with the *News of the World* Tournament. So many people want to watch both. The Girls' dates now will be September 4th, 5th, and 6th: entries will open on July 23rd and close on August 22nd.

THERE has been such a whirl of county championships that I hardly know where I am, though I believe myself to be in London, heading for Pinner and Liphook. Last week it was Pulborough, Knole Park, Kingswood, and my only plan seems to be to tell you what remains as my impression of what I saw. At Pulborough, Sussex, in a great state of dither, were trying to qualify. They need not have been so fussed about it, for no member of the team was ever in real danger, but I must say I agree with those who thought eighteen holes would have been quite sufficient of the torture. Miss Mary Lake did extremely well, as scoring went that day, to win the scratch aggregate, 82 plus 85, though with the par at 73, that does not sound really good. It seems a pity that the L.G.U. tees should be so far forward there; a grand course is half wasted, and nobody will learn to carry anything; but perhaps the qualifiers did not mind. Mrs. Gallatly was in great afternoon form (out in 35), and I had a fancy that she would win the whole thing. But I was wrong. Miss Lake beat her soundly the next day, and it was Mrs. V. G. Davies, whose boredom with the qualifying had been profound, who eventually won, beating Miss Lake in the semi-final and Miss Pockett in the final. The other semi-finalist was Miss Brenda Norris, a semi-finalist in the Girls' last year.

It was cold and wet at Knole Park the next day. Kent have no qualifying round, and a goodly part of the entry seemed to have taken fright and scratched when they found themselves up against lower handicaps. I simply cannot follow that mentality: it is the longer handicap's chance of a lifetime to play a top-notcher; to lose heavily is no disgrace, and she may be quite sure that the gallery, if there is one, will have no eyes for anyone except the famous player. Anyway, Miss Wanda Morgan had arrived in the fourth round without striking a single blow in self defence, and I had to wait till the afternoon to watch her. It was worth waiting for. I have never seen her—and seldom anybody else—play better than she did, in spite of a respectful dread (or, perhaps, because of it) for Miss Dodo Butler and her long putts; the weather was so outrageous, cold and wet and windy, that I have seldom been more thankful when the day's play was over.

Miss Fishwick was playing well against Miss Doxford, and Mrs. Green, known better at one time in gliding circles than golf, was keeping up splendid figures, though she was lucky to have her ball holed by Mrs. Whatmore on the last green. Miss Morgan has some new clubs and new confidence, and it was a perfect joy, weather notwithstanding, to watch her. I was torn in twain between Surrey and Kent the next day: Surrey had to win, but I evidently missed seeing finer golf than anybody has played this year, except Miss Wethered against Jack McLean. That was from Miss Morgan in the Kent final. Miss Diana Fishwick had one pale ghost of a chance to halve the first in a birdie 3, but the putt stayed out, and after that Miss Morgan was quite uncatchable, according to an eye-witness, who grew lyrical about it to me afterwards. The beauty of her swing and the beauty of her figures were evidently outstanding: thrice out of the first five holes she got birdies by putting her shots up to the hole, with wood, stone dead, and when once in the round she was bunkered, she got out to within an inch or two of the hole, which was quite invisible to her as she played. I should dearly have liked to see it, for nobody gives one more pleasure to watch than Miss Morgan at her best: to beat Miss Fishwick 7 and 5, and to take these thirteen holes at Knole from backmost men's tees in forty-seven shots was quite amazing.

HOWEVER, there was I at Kingswood, with quite enough to keep anybody happy. I had to hear all about Miss Pam Barton qualifying first with 79, only one over par: how she ought to have lost to Mrs. Douglas Fish, who had been four up and six to go, only Mrs. Fish's putting suddenly faded away and allowed Miss Barton to win at the nineteenth. Then there was enough to see, too, for Miss Barton was being taken to the last green by Miss Sylvia Bailey, happily returned to competitive golf, and Mrs. Peel to the seventeenth by Miss Jean Hamilton. Miss Bailey has lost none of the old snap, and was putting beautifully, but the shots did not quite string together.

THE final was one long thrill, for when Miss Barton was not hitting the ball out of sight, Mrs. Peel was holing an immense putt. Now and again both did it, or Miss Barton would hole a chip and Mrs. Peel a long putt, but at the very last hole, Miss Barton, after a little adventure near the hedge, sank an extremely long putt, and Mrs. Peel's hit the back of the hole, only to jump out again. Miss Barton 78, Mrs. Peel 79—and that from men's tees, many yards behind those from which the L.G.U. par of 78 is fixed. No wonder we were all on the pant with excitement, and extraordinarily appreciative of Major Fawcett's crowning hospitality in the shape of a great tea-party.

All of which meant that I did not see Miss Garnham's great recovery against Miss Audrey Holmes at Romford in the Essex, nor Miss Plumpton's against Miss Garnham's, nor Miss Dorrit Wilkins' final win of the whole thing: I did not see Miss Timberg hang on to her Berkshire title from Miss Cave at the thirty-eighth hole, Miss Z. Davis win the Herts from Mrs. Vernor Miles at the nineteenth, nor Miss Mary Black retain the Shropshire one by 10 and 9 over thirty-six holes.

I did see Miss Pam Barton and her mother win the Mothers and Daughters scratch salver with 74 at Ranelagh; it was great going. Mrs. and Miss Windeler took the handicap with 67 net. Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

P. W. Risdon and Francis Francis, Surrey's No. 1, whose 70 created a record for the lengthened course. Risdon beat Francis 3 and 1 in the second round of the "Close"

C. H. Richardson (Leicestershire and Rutland) and Stanley Lunt (Worcestershire) marking their cards. Lunt, the English amateur champion, returned 77 and 74=151

R. P. H. Stables with two competitors: F. F. Firth, of Essex, and H. G. Bentley, Lancashire's No. 4. Lancashire were second with 615 to Worcestershire's 607

The English Close and County

A Big Field for the Championship Meeting at Hollinwell, Notts

F. H. Rowse, of Middlesex, and J. S. Cave, of Leicestershire and Rutland, playing the last hole of their round

Right: E. B. Tipping and F. G. C. Weare, both of Sussex, and A. S. Newey and W. M. Robb, of Worcestershire, making up their scores. Worcestershire, the holders, won with an aggregate of 607, three strokes better than their previous best

Iver Thomas, the Lancashire No. 1, who returned 77 and 71=148, for his County, and A. E. Hutton (Essex) on the first tee

E. A. Withington, of Warwickshire, and Dr. K. W. Mackenzie, of Suffolk, waiting to start in the County Championship

T. R. Deighton (Staffordshire) and L. G. Crawley (Durham) at the fourth tee: their sides tied for eleventh place

Farewell to "Rugger": The Seven-a-Side Finals at Twickenham

Specially drawn for the "Bystander" by H. H. Harris

Left: N. Compton, of the Wasps, taking two of the Beaumont Old Boys for a ride round Twickenham

Right: J. E. Boucott, of the London Welsh, tried to do Jack the Giant Killer stuff with P. E. Dunkley, of the 'Quins

Left, below: Peter Cranmer did a lot of conjuring for Richmond

Below: K. N. Wilkins, of the O.M.T.'s, and G. R. Rees-Jones had a grand fourteen minutes together

L. A. Booth, of Headingley, after saying "How-do?" to the Richmond seven

Jim Swanton, adviser, trainer, and touch judge for Old Cranleighans, almost won their game for them against the Harlequins

Referee W. W. Wakefield pointing out to the opposition: "that was A. G. Butler, of the 'Quins, that was"

·SPORTFOLIO

Rugger, Cricket, Golf and Tennis

We Are Seven—and What *a Seven!*

The Harlequins team, winners of the Middlesex County R.F.U. seven-a-side at Twickenham. L. to r., back row: G. E. C. Hudson, E. Hamilton Hill, P. E. Dunkley, the Rev. P. W. P. Brook, and A. G. Butler; (sitting) G. J. Dean and J. R. Cole. The Harlequins have now won the trophy six times, and have been runners-up on three occasions. During the ten years in which the competition has been played, the 'Quins have only once been absent from the final round

A Gloucestershire County Charity Match

Above, right: Captain D. A. C. Page (Gloucestershire's captain), Sir Percival Marling, Bart., V.C. (Captain Page's uncle), and Lady Cripps when the county played a Cirencester and District team in Earl Bathurst's Park in aid of the local hospital

Below: David Blair, winner of the first Scottish Boys' Amateur Championship under Eighteen, of Harrow and North Berwick, a son of General Arthur Blair, with the runner-up, A. G. L. Lowe, of Rhos-on-Sea and Morayshire

The Man Who Once Beat Perry

N. G. Farquharson, the New Zealand Davis Cup player and old Cambridge Blue, who has returned to England with an armoury of strokes sufficiently powerful to cause anxiety among the most distinguished of opponents

Scottish Boys' Championship

Miss Lili D'Alvarez

Who has been at Monte Carlo, and there began playing lawn tennis seriously after an absence from the courts of three years, due to illness. Her intention is to play shortly in a tournament under the pseudonym of "Miss L.," and if she finds that she can regain some of her old form, Miss D'Alvarez will continue to play seriously, and England may once again see her playing at Wimbledon this summer

Golf Clubs at Home

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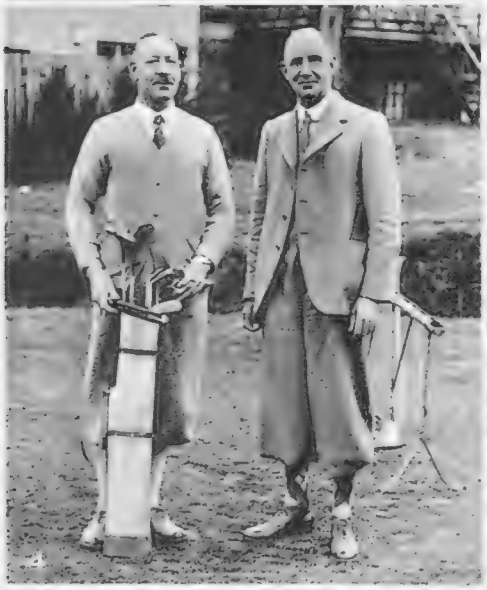

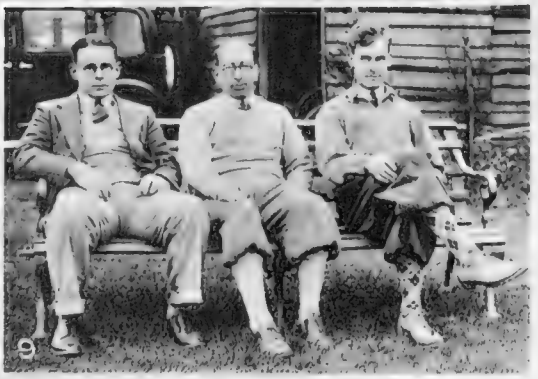

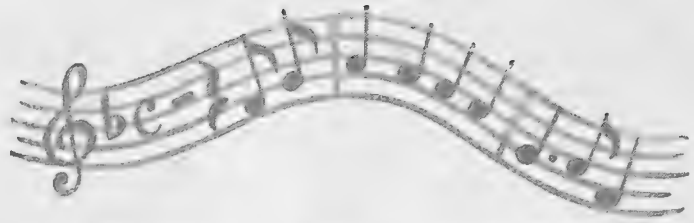

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Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Sicily, Scotland, and the Seven Seas

By A. G. Macdonell

MR. LOUIS GOLDING is really very exasperating in his new book, *The Camberwell Beauty* (Gollancz; 8*s.* 6*d.*). He starts off magnificently with a scene that is so intriguing in its originality that you almost squirm with excitement. The possibilities are endless for weird and compelling adventure. You settle down into your armchair, you put your feet on the mantelpiece, you shout angrily to interrupters that you are not at home; and then Mr. Golding lets you down. The adventures, when they do come, are penny plain. There is nothing twopence coloured about them. The opening more than suggests Black Magic. The Magician turns out to be an inefficient necromancer named Frank Tomlinson. The opening hints at a strange, magic murder. The victim turns out to have died of influenza. The opening paves the way for a battle against the forces of Beelzebub. The battle turns out to be against Sicilian bandits. It is all very sad. For the writing and the characters and the descriptions are all in Mr. Golding's best vein. He swims in a sea of crystal felicity, but unfortunately he cannot make up his mind where to swim to. The thread of the story wobbles brilliantly from theme to theme, until at last it settles down to a description of Signor Mussolini's great drive against the iniquitous Mafia of Sicily. But even here the tale rings hollowly. For Mr. Golding's attack on the village of Roccacolumba is astonishingly like Prefect Mori's own account, published a year or two ago, of his attack upon the village of Gangi, a hot-bed of Mafiosi.

Vincent Sheehan

"An American super-journalist," whose book on what he has done, seen, and concluded during his reporting travels is reviewed here

It is a long time since I have been so disappointed in a book.

"SHEPPARD'S PIE" (Cassell; 3*s.* 6*d.*) is far better than any anthology that was ever compiled, for it consists solely of pieces of prose and poetry that have pleased the compiler, Canon H. R. L. Sheppard. Too many anthologies consist of pieces that the compiler thinks will please his public, and so there is no continuity, no central individualism that is common to them all and gives life to what is otherwise a scrap-book. Dr. Sheppard's favourites range from Francis of Assisi to Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis, from Chaucer to Cromwell and Mr. P. G. Wodehouse. On every page there is something profound or witty or wise or rollicking. It is a book for any mood, because all moods are contained therein, but it is not a book from which it is possible to quote, because every piece is quotable. I think that *Sheppard's Pie* is the perfect book of its kind, for it reflects not only the thoughts and tears and laughter of poets and philosophers, but also the living personality of one of the great men of our time.

"VICTORIA GLENCAIRN" is a first novel by Mrs. Glenda Spooner, and Messrs. Heinemann have published it at 7*s.* 6*d.* It is rather an interesting novel, for it is completely sincere, and sincerity is a strong merit in these days. It is the biography of a girl who is brought up in Scotland, the daughter of rich and narrow-minded parents, and who longs to escape from the ancestral domain and the parental bigotry. She rides an Arab stallion across the moorlands; she works on the land during the war; she joins a theatrical touring company; she muses a good deal about virginity, and in the end she falls in love with a man who falls in love with her. *Victoria Glencairn* is unpretentious and unassuming. The writing is quite pleasant, for Mrs. Spooner is shrewd enough to know that most inexperienced authors write badly if they try to write well. She maintains a level of mediocrity which, while it never exalts, at least never offends.

MR. VINCENT SHEEHAN is one of those American super-journalists who were such familiar figures in Europe between the Armistice, which opened the Continent to them, and the Slump, which abruptly closed most of their expense accounts and sent them back, second-class, to America. They travelled everywhere, saw everyone, talked to everyone, and understood extraordinarily little. Mr. Sheehan, author of *In Search of History* (Hamish Hamilton; 12*s.* 6*d.*), is no exception. His descriptions are very well done, but his political judgment is very poor, and his account of affairs at Geneva is — not to mince matters — just silly. But when he sticks to his job of putting down what he sees, then Mr. Sheehan becomes what he is, a journalist of a high order. He visited the Rif, China, Berlin, Moscow, Palestine, anywhere, in fact, where a front-page story had broken or was likely to break, and he seems to have displayed all the proverbial courage and resourcefulness of the American super-journalist. But it is rather a pity that so much courage and so many resources should have been employed for the collection of so large a quantity of chaff.

The Rev. "Dick" Sheppard

Compiler of a new anthology of prose and poetry, called "Sheppard's Pie," which is also under review

"CRIME AT GUILDFORD" (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is Mr. Freeman Wills Crofts at his best. Policeman French, most painstaking and methodical of men, is with us again, and I am delighted to observe that he has received another step up in the ranks of the C.I.D. When he first appeared, to enthral us with his bulldog tenacity and his endless patience, he was, so far as I remember, a simple Inspector. Later on, much later than his talents deserved, he became a Superintendent, and now he is a Chief-Inspector, and so one of the Big Five, I imagine. (I wish Chief-Inspector French had been in charge of some of these chopped-up bodies that we get so many of nowadays.) *Crime at Guildford* is a combination of murder in the provinces and diamond robbery in London, interwoven with all Mr. Crofts' dexterity and skill. It is a thoroughly good example of the art, and well worth reading.

LASTLY, but so far from being least it is almost the best of the bunch, is *Highways and Byways in the West Highlands* (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Mr. Seton Gordon, profusely and, of course, brilliantly illustrated by Sir D. Y. Cameron. It is rare, indeed, that two such masters of their subject should collaborate for our pleasure. Mr. Gordon is the greatest living authority on the Highlands, and it is not for the likes of me to attempt to assess Sir D. Y. Together they have produced what is obviously going to be the classic handbook of the North-West. Mr. Gordon mingles history and topography and scene-painting in a masterly fashion. He tells of the battles and the massacres, of the heroisms and the treacheries, of the snows and the glens and the lochs and the heather, of the kings and the peasants, the chiefs and the clansmen, the pibrochs and the laments. In fact, he has made an ideal book for the traveller, whether he be travelling the Highlands by motor, by horse, by boat, or on foot, but especially for him who is travelling on foot, which is the only way to get the scent of the heather in your face, the ripple of the mountain streams in your ears, and also the only way properly to explore the lovely country. When a coast is indented as is Scotland's by the Atlantic, it cannot be appreciated by the motorist in a hurry, constantly delayed by the necessity for ferrying. This is a lovely book.

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A Country Club in Yorkshire

By J. S. F. Morrison

A. S. G. Thompson, Suffolk's No. 1, and A. H. Bloomer, of Lincolnshire, playing at Hollinwell. Suffolk were sixth in the County Championship

R. Bleasdale (Derbyshire) and John Woollam, an ex-English Amateur champion, who played for Cheshire; his side were fifth with 632

THE *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase, after the St. George's Challenge Cup, which many golfers incorrectly refer to as the St. George's Vase, is probably the most coveted golf prize by medal play among amateurs. The competition for the *Golf Illustrated* Vase was played this year over the Red Course of the Berkshire Golf Club, when, for the first time since its inception, it was won by a left-handed golfer—namely, I. S. Thomas, of Formby Golf Club. Thomas is also, with the exception of R. T. Jones, the only winner who does not play his regular golf in the vicinity of London.

THERE was a large entry, which included nearly all the well-known London players. S. B. Roberts, of the Prestatyn Golf Club, like Thomas, travelled a considerable distance to play. In the morning, Thomas and A. McNair led the field with scores of 73; and as R. Sweeny and D. B. Anderson returned 74, and L. G. Crawley, and E. F. Storey 75, the final result appeared likely to be in the balance till the end of the day's play, and it certainly was. In the afternoon, R. Sweeny and McNair returned 74 and 75 respectively, and led the field with an aggregate score of 148: Thomas, who was a late starter, was informed on the 16th tee that he had to play the last three holes in the par figures of 3, 5, 3 to win. He started his task badly by taking 4 to the short 16th but made amends by holing the long 17th of 540 yards in 4; this hole was beyond the range of two shots for Thomas, who obtained his 4 by putting his approach nearly dead. An ordinary three at the 18th gave him victory. It was a most gallant finish, and no one can deny that he was a worthy winner.

An astonishing round was played in the afternoon by L. G. Garnett, who holed the course in 78, in spite of taking 13 strokes at the 9th hole; he came back in 31, his card reading, 3, 3, 4, 3, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, and was unlucky not to have another 3 at the 12th, where his first putt finished on the very lip of the hole.

FOR long-handicap players occasionally to take 13 strokes to a hole is not very unusual; for a first-class player to do

(*Continued on page* vi)

"EXPENSIVE"

IN THE light of comparative prices, it cannot be said that our charges are low. According to present-day standards, we are expensive, for our terms are net cash without discount.

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

(Continued from page iv)

so in an important competition is most certainly a very rare event, and I will therefore describe the hole in detail. The 9th hole, where Garnett had this disaster, measures 450 yards. He hit a good and very long tee shot, and was in range of the green with wood; he pulled his second into the trees and played three shots, the third of which buried the ball and made it absolutely unplayable. He could not now lose stroke and distance, because, as the ball was under a tree, he could not stand erect, from which position the rules lay down that the ball must be dropped; also, if he could have dropped it, it would have come to rest in, if not exactly an unplayable, at least an atrocious lie. He now had only one way out of his difficulty—namely, to lose two shots and tee-up behind; having done this, he missed his next shot, which made him 8; he got out of the trees in 9, on to the green in 10, and then, as so often happens after playing bad shots, took three putts. It is not so difficult as it appears to take 13 shots to a hole. Once having played three shots with his original ball, Garnett had little chance of holing out in less than 9. The extra four shots were expended by bad play.

ON April 26th I attended the opening of the Firbeck Club, a new country club, situated at Old Coates, which is about seventeen miles from Sheffield, on the road to Doncaster, and seven miles from Barnby Moor, on the Great North Road. The club-house, which was formerly a large private country house, is probably the most luxurious in the British Isles. Mrs. Campbell Black, the wife of Campbell Black, the co-winner of the Australian Flight, and better known to the public as Miss Florence Desmond, performed the opening ceremony, after Henry Horne, who financed the building of the Golden Arrow, Sir Henry Seagrave's record-breaking car, had made a short speech.

Capt. G. F. R. Hirst and Capt. C. F. Maturin-Baird playing in the Brigade of Guards Championships at Roehampton. Capt. Hirst, who used to be in the Grenadiers, was fourth in the Senior Division

The construction of an 18-hole golf course at Firbeck Hall is far advanced, and play on the course in a rough state will probably be possible about Whitsuntide. The course is situated in a beautiful park, and no doubt golfers will use other adjectives in addition to "picturesque" to describe the stream which runs through the course and makes a fine natural hazard at several holes. The course has been designed in two loops of nine holes each, so players can be certain they will not have a long wait before starting.

In addition to the golf course, there is an 18-hole putting course, a swimming-bath, lawn tennis and squash racquets courts, a riding school and an aerodrome.

Cyril A. Nicholson, a well-known Sheffield stockbroker, is the founder of the Club, and is also going to finance some long-distance flights for Campbell Black. These flights will start from the aerodrome at Firbeck, and are ambitious undertakings.

For those golfers—and there are many—who like a game of golf en route when motoring to or from Scotland, the Firbeck Club will be a most convenient place, not only for playing golf, but for meals (which are just as good as those served in a first-class restaurant in London), and rest for those who have driven a long way.

A Correction

One of our many snapshots of the Halford-Hewitt Cup (April 24th, page 159) got wrongly captioned. It showed P. L. Bodger and J. H. Jacobs (Old Paulines) on the first tee, but was described as W. B. Torrance and Stuart Cruickshank (Old Watsonians). Sorry.

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Left: all aboard for the Outer Circle! Children going to school in this Jubilee Year of 1935 have season tickets by air from Croydon to Heston. The service is operated twice daily by Commercial Air Hire, using "Dragons," and is intended to link up all the aerodromes round London

The Air Day of the Year

By Charles Ward

With the R.A.F. At Home

FOUR more stations will be open to the public on May 25th, Empire Air Day, these being an addition to the forty stations already listed. The latest are the most interesting—Farnboro', with its wind tunnel and experimental laboratories; Martlesham Heath, where all British aircraft, both military and civil, get their flying tests before being stamped A.1, or not, as the case may be; Felixstowe, headquarters of the Marine Experimental Section; and Pembroke Dock, where eight of the largest flying-boats are based. At Northolt, Nos. 41 and 111 Fighter Squadrons are putting up a show, together with a detached flight from No. 24 Communication Squadron, which is stationed at Hendon. No. 111 is equipped with Bristol "Bulldog" single-seaters, and No. 41 has the Hawker "Demon" fighter, probably the fastest two-seater in the world. One of this type was illustrated in our Special Flying Number last week. Flights will be made from Northolt over Hanworth and Heston at fixed times, so that spectators at these two aerodromes will see an R.A.F. Display in miniature as well as the civil programme. At Hanworth the latter includes demonstrations of twelve different civil types, amongst which will be the Monospar, several Autogiros, the B.2 Trainer—with pupil and instructor side by side—and numerous Moths of all colours. Visitors to Brooklands should note that admission to the aerodrome is via the Byfleet entrance only, the other gates being reserved for the motor-cycle race meeting, which is being held on the same day. Empire Air Day provides the one occasion during the year when people can go behind the scenes to watch aircraft and engines being built and to get some idea of life in the Service.

News from the Aerodromes

LORD MALCOLM DOUGLAS-HAMILTON is the latest recruit to the staff of flying instructors at Hamble. Last year he was teaching at Hong Kong for the Far East Aviation Company and the year before he operated a Saro "Cloud" at the Isle of Man. A.S.T. flew approximately 1800 hours during the first quarter of this year. The School fleet consists of thirty-one 'planes, of which the Avro V has been much in demand recently for multi-engine experience by pilots joining air-operating companies, none of which now rely on single engines for carrying passengers. Viscount Ratendone, son of the Viceroy of India, has been elected chairman of the London Chamber of Commerce section for Civil Aviation. He is a persistent owner-pilot, and, like his predecessor in office, Ivor McClure, has the flying bug highly developed. There have been very few flights between England and Japan—in fact, the only one that comes easily to mind was that made by Mrs. Victor Bruce in a Blackburn "Bluebird." A Japanese pilot, Katsutaro Ano, is due to leave for Tokio at the end of this week, flying a Klemm "Eagle" fitted with extra tanks to give it a non-stop range of 1800 miles. The total distance of the journey is roughly 10,000 miles, which includes a sea crossing of nearly 500 miles between Shanghai and Japan. The Atlantic season is about to start—numerous attempts are being made from the other side, and a Spanish pilot, Señor Pombo, is shortly leaving Santander for Mexico City. He has chosen a Klemm "Eagle," similarly fitted with long-range tanks.

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GYPSIA

What's On

(Continued from page D)

OPERA AND BALLET

AT COVENT GARDEN:

LOHENGRIN: to-night, 7.

SIEGFRIED: May 9th, 5.30.

LA CENERENTOLA: Conducted by Vincenzo Bellezza. May 10th, 8.15.

GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG: May 13th, 5.

LOHENGRIN: May 14th, 7.

AT SADLER'S WELLS:

LA TRAVIATA: to-night, 8.

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA and PAGLIACCI: May 9th, 8.

DIE FLEDERMAUS: May 10th, 8; and May 11th, 2.30.

THE SNOW MAIDEN: May 11th, 7.45.

THE JAR, CASSE NOISETTE (Act III.), LES RENDEZVOUS. Last ballet night of season: May 14th, 8.30.

MUSIC

Orchestral

LONDON MUSIC FESTIVAL: First concert; Bach's Mass in B minor; Boult conducts the B.B.C. Orchestra and Chorus, Queen's Hall, May 10, 8.30.

ELGAR FESTIVAL.—Last two concerts, Croydon Philharmonic Society, and the L.S.O., conducted by Alan J. Kirby: North End Hall, Croydon, May 9th and 11th, 8.

Recitals

HAROLD SAMUEL.—Bach week, last four concerts: Wigmore Hall, May 8th, 9th, and 10th, 8.30; May 11th, 3.15.

SILVER JUBILEE CONCERT.—Tauber, Magda Flary, the Grecian soprano, and Guila Bustabo, the violinist; in aid of *News-Chronicle* Wireless for Hospitals Fund: Queen's Hall, May 12th, 3.15.

GUILA BUSTABO.—The American violinist's last recital of the season: Aeolian Hall, May 13th, 8.30.

LILI KRAUSS and SIMON GOLDBERG.—Beethoven Sonata Cycle for piano and violin; first of three concerts: Aeolian Hall, May 14th, 8.30.

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

L'APÉRITIF.—Amusing and informal for lunch, dinner, early or late, or supper: the cooking is good, and there 's no music.

BLUE TRAIN.—Starr and Browning, coloured singers, entertain, and Gerhardi's band plays in the restaurant; dancing in the grill in any dress: extension, Tuesday.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Hyson and Roberts' Most Beautiful Girls; Colombo's dance band; dress as you will: extension, Friday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Clive Erard and his music in the restaurant, where day or evening clothes go well; cabaret at midnight.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Cross and Dunn, the new and amusing New York singers are now appearing; dancing to Jack Harris, who presents Ann Howard; day clothes on the balcony: extension, Wednesday.

CARLTON.—Dancing every night now to Howard Jacobs's band; Jane Armstrong, an American lovely, sings amusing songs; the Arnaut Bros. and three dancers also appear: extension, Tuesday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—" Les Girls " from Monte Carlo sing and dance and look nice, and there are other turns to amuse; Sidney Lipton's band plays: extension, Thursday.

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT.—Excellent food, especially fish, and good wines; lunch, dinner, supper; no music.

QUAGLINO'S.—All re-decorated; there 's always a cabaret; Van Straten's band plays, and in the grill there 's dancing in day clothes: extension, Wednesday.

RITZ.—A new departure—dancing every night among the magnolias; Hildegarde, the Marino Trio, and " Intefatigable Charlie " provide cabaret.

ROMANO'S.—Here is Bohemia as it ever was; evening or day clothes; Lou Preager's band plays, and there 's a cabaret at midnight.

In the Ballrooms

ROYAL EMPIRE SOCIETY BALL.—In aid of the Society's Building Fund: Grosvenor House, to-night.

FOOTLIGHTS BALL.—In aid of the Royal Northern Hospital: Claridge's, May 9th.

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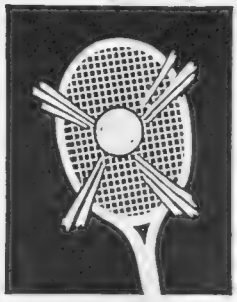

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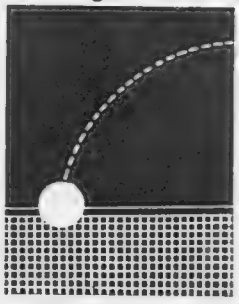

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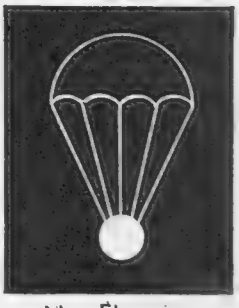

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The Editor's Box

Ayres' Lawn Tennis Almanack

This invaluable annual has been edited by A. Wallis Myers ever since its inception twenty-eight years ago, and year by year it has grown in size and utility. It contains a complete record of all important meetings at home and abroad, as well as interesting articles, including one by the Editor on "Honours for the Homeland" and "The World's First Ten"; "From William R. To William T." (i.e., Renshaw to Tilden), by H. S. Scrivener, and "Stroke Play and Surface," by C. P. Dixon. If, in another year, space could be found for a list of all the famous unmarried women players and their names after marriage, so that they could be more easily identified, it would be a most useful addition to an annual which is a mine of interest and information to the lawn-tennis fan; and who is not nowadays?

The "Bystander" Girls' Open Golf Championship

The Girls' Championship has been changed from September 11th to the preceding week, and will therefore be played at Stoke Poges, September 4th, 5th and 6th. Open to all girls of any nationality who will be under 19 years of age on September 6th. Entry form will appear in Bystander, July 23rd.

For a North-Country Bride

Miss Ruth Litton, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Litton, of Plumpton, Heywood, Lancs, wore this lovely frock when she married Mr. Stuart H. Coomer, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Coomer, of Nevin, Rochdale, Lancs, on May 1st, 1935. It was designed by Kendal Milne, Manchester, and is expressed in ivory satin radiant with leg-o'-mutton sleeves and a draped corsage. A real lace veil belonging to the bride's mother was mounted on tulle

The "Bystander" Ladies' SCOTTISH FOURSOMES

(12th Year)

at Moray G.C. (Lossiemouth), JUNE 4 to 7, 1935

Holders: Mrs. Stuart and Miss E. Tweedie.

Entries close Thursday, May 16th. Enter NOW

Open to all players, whether they are Scottish, Irish, Welsh, English, or Overseas. Entries will also be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit, handicap certificates to be shown before play.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, May 16th.

The Bystander reserves the right to close the entry list before that date should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

HOTEL

The Bystander Headquarters for the Scottish Foursomes will be *Stotfield Hotel, Lossiemouth* (adjoining the club-house), where the special terms for competitors will be 12s. per day inclusive of full board, baths, afternoon tea, and after-dinner coffee.

NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION COMPETITION

The Competition for the National Playing Fields Association Challenge Cup and other prizes, conducted by the Scottish Ladies' Golfing Association, will be played at Moray on June 4th and following days. ALL ENTRANTS FOR THE "BYSTANDER" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES and members of clubs affiliated to the S.L.G.A. ARE ELIGIBLE TO COMPETE.

CONDITIONS

Medal play under L.G.U. handicap.
Entry fee, 2s. 6d. first card, and 1s. for every subsequent card.
Entries received on day of play only.

MORAY NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, the Bystander Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, by Thursday, May 16th, 1935. The "BYSTANDER" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes at Moray, June 4th, 1935, and following days.

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club.* *L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address.....

Telephone No.....

To play in the above Handicap Foursomes at Moray with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club.* *L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address.....

Telephone No.....

Please notify change of address, handicap, or partner to Miss Helme as above, or after May 31st to her at Stotfield Hotel, Lossiemouth. Telephone: 11 Lossiemouth.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON MAY

Name Mrs. / Miss .....

Address .....

.....

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Summer Sweaters

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GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Tunbridge

Mary Batham

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Batham, of Cecil House, Petersham, Surrey, and is engaged to Charles H. Cranshaw, F.R.C.S., of Richmond Hill, Surrey, son of the late Dr. and Mrs. S. Cranshaw, of Ashton-under-Lyne

Pearl Freeman

Elizabeth Kerr

Is to marry C. J. Badcock, only son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Badcock, of Taunton; she is the youngest daughter of Sir Russell Kerr, Chairman of Gloucester Quarter Sessions, and the late Mrs. Kerr, of the Haie, Newnham, Glos.

Richardson—Le Bas

Capt. Frank Ryder Richardson, R.A.P.C., and Joan Mary Le Bas, only daughter of the late Sir Hedley Le Bas, and Lady Le Bas, of the Manor, Kelsale, Suffolk, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Tunbridge

Peggy Blythe

Katherine Mary Margaret Blythe, only daughter of the late Alan L. Blythe, is engaged to Derek B. W. Barrow, younger son of Major-General Harold P. W. Barrow, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Barrow

Bassano

Lesbia Harris

Is the younger daughter of the late Capt. R. E. Harris, and Mrs. Dunn, of Ascot Lodge, Ascot, and is engaged to Count J. B. Gudenus, second son of Count and Countess Philipp Gudenus, of Vienna

Dewar—Murphy

Michael P. D. Dewar, the Buffs, son of Vice-Admiral R. G. D. Dewar, R.N. (ret.), of the Thatched House, Dousland, Devon, and Winifred Elizabeth Murphy, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Murphy, of Walton House, Canterbury, were married at Canterbury Cathedral

Bassano

Muriel Pullman

Is the elder daughter of the late Arthur H. Pullman, and Mrs. Pullman, of Heather Lodge, Branksome Park, Bournemouth, and is engaged to A. B. Broughton Edge, only son of Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Broughton Edge, of Lynton Lodge, Rickmansworth

Bassano

Dorothea Simpson

Is engaged to Paymaster Lieut. W. G. S. Tighe, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Tighe, of Rossanagh, Ashford, Co. Wicklow; her parents are Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Simpson, of Clearmont, Weymouth

Sale—Joachim

Arthur Sale, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Sale, of Roundwyck, Petworth, Sussex, and Gabriele Joachim, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Herman Joachim, General Staff, Berlin, and Frau von Kehler, and granddaughter of Joseph Joachim, the famous violinist, were married at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate

Pierce—Pakenham

Alexander G. Acton Pierce, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Acton Pierce, of Knowle Hill Cottage, Cobham, Surrey, and Cynthia Pakenham, only daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Hewitt Pakenham, of Westfield, Weybridge, had a London wedding at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Philips—Elletson

Anthony B. C. Philips, son of the late Lt.-Col. B. H. Philips, and Mrs. Philips, of Heath House, Tean, Staffs, and Margaret Elletson, daughter of Mrs. H. C. Elletson, of Parrox Hall, Preesall, Lancs, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Baird Murray—Lucas

Archibald Baird Murray, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Baird Murray, of Birdhurst, Whyteleafe, Surrey, and Rosemary Lucas, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. G. Lucas, of Stratford House, Cambridge, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place

Priestley—Boughey

Robert Hugh Priestley, son of Mrs. H. W. Priestley, of 51, Montagu Square, W.1, married Mary Hermia Boughey, eldest daughter of Sir George and Lady Boughey, of Malling House, Lewes, and 25, Lowndes Square, S.W.1, at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street

Broadbent—Eustace

William F. Broadbent, only son of Sir John Broadbent, Bt., of Halefield, Wendover, and Pearl Eustace, twin daughter of Mrs. B. F. Eustace, of Glasnevin, Dublin, leaving Santry Parish Church, Co. Dublin, after their wedding

Earle—Sherston

Capt. Guy F. Earle, son of Mrs. Cecil Earle, of 52, Abbey Lodge, N.W.8, and Bridget Joan Sherston, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Sherston, of Hill House, Templecombe, Dorset, outside St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, after their wedding

Tynte—MacAllan

R. M. H. Tynte, the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), and Jean MacAllan after their wedding at St. Andrew's Church, St. Andrews, where they had a guard of honour of the bridegroom's regiment, and pipers to play them out of church

Sharp—McCarrick

Milton Reginald Sharp, only son of Sir Milton Sharp, Bt., of Swarthfield, Howtown, Penrith, and Dorothy McCarrick, of Ballina, Co. Mayo, after their wedding at St. James's, Athboy, Co. Meath

Hodgkinson—Weatherby

Reginald Hodgkinson, 15th-19th Hussars, son of Col. and Mrs. G. H. Hodgkinson, of Tyne Hall, Bembridge, and Iris Mary Weatherby, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Weatherby, of Shennington, Stratford-on-Avon, were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

AND A WOMAN PASSED BY.—By Vernon Sylvaine, with the author as an unfaithful husband, Kathleen O'Regan as his wife: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE AUNT OF ENGLAND.—Victorian sentiment given flavour by Haidée Wright's performance as the autocratic old Duchess who treats her family as children and chattels: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CORNELIUS.—Priestley's intensely interesting play is finely acted by Ralph Richardson as one partner in a small and failing business, Harcourt Williams as the other, Victoria Hopper, Ann Wilton, and James Harcourt as employees: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Someone 's got to give way in every marriage—Diana Churchill and Richard Bird can't decide who; easy, relevant dialogue and incident make an amusing evening: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FAMILY AFFAIRS.—If quarrels amuse you, go see Lilian Braithwaite's grandmother and Athene Seyler's dithering aunt in Gertrude Jennings' family comedy: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FROLIC WIND.—Richard Oke's novel brilliantly adapted; a clever, subtle play, with a first-rate cast, including Henrietta Watson, Nina Boucicault, M. Terry-Lewis, and D. Holmes-Gore as four old sisters, Veronica Turleigh, Basil Bartlett: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HAMLET.—The play in its entirety is to be done three times a week: Old Vic, 8 (except Tues.), Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—This delightful Chinese play includes in its cast Louise Hampton, Carol Coombe, Morris Harvey, Esmé Percy, Roger Livesey: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MAN OF YESTERDAY.—Leslie Banks gives a fine performance as the ex-soldier with a lost memory. Ann Todd 's the nurse he falls in love with, and the rest of the cast make an interesting play all the more worth seeing: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE OLD LADIES.—Hugh Walpole's story makes a strange play, of Grand Guignol grimness and horror, with brilliant acting by Edith Evans, Jean Cadell, and Mary Jerrold: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE SKIN GAME.—Olga Lindo, Malcolm Keen, Arthur Wontner in the second play of the Galsworthy Festival: Playhouse, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STEVEDORE.—Paul Robeson is the stevedore in this American success: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard's fine acting as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play may be seen again: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—A mixture of comedy and a little tragedy, with beautiful acting by Eugenie Leontovich, and Cedric Hardwicke, Evelyn Roberts, and Allan Aynesworth all in excellent form: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICEROY SARAH.—Queen Anne 's alive, poor, dear, distracted thing, as Barbara Everest plays her; Irene Vanbrugh is Sarah; the story is as human as historical: Whitehall, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris is the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Celia Johnson plays the part as heroine: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

YOUTH AT THE HELM.—A witty and original comedy, with Owen Nares as the young City impostor who gets away with it; Kay Hammond as a pert typist; O. B. Clarence, Walter Hudd: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

With Music

CHARLOT'S CHAR-A-BANG!—The sketches are neat and amusing, the music is pleasant, the stars are Elsie Randolph, John Tilley, Reginald Gardiner, and Iris March—it 's a good revue: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

THE CO-OPTIMISTS.—Davy Burnaby, Albert Burdon, Harry Milton, Olive Groves, and Vera Lennox are in this revival: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DANCING CITY.—A musical play with a Viennese setting; Lea Seidl as Maria Teresa, who banned the waltz, Franco Foresta as the Archduke: Coliseum, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLYING TRAPEZE.—Jack Buchanan as a trapezist, June Clyde, Ivy St. Helier, are in this circus musical comedy: Alhambra, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAY MASQUERADE.—Helen Gilliland, Tom Burke, and Hugh Wakefield in a new Hungarian musical play: Princes.

GLAMOROUS NIGHT.—The new Ivor Novello show, with Mary Ellis, Trefor Jones, Barry Jones, Lyn Harding: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

JACK O' DIAMONDS.—Gay and witty lyrics; the Cinderella story makes a cheerful, amused evening; Greta Fayne, Zelma O'Neal, Bobbie Comber, Reginald Purdell, and Richard Dolman all contribute: Gaiety, 8.15. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

JILL, DARLING!—Lively, original, and good-humoured. Frances Day gives full personality value, and Arthur Riscoe is a gloomily comic foil for her: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LET 's GO GAY.—It 's easy to go gay with them, especially the delightful Magda Kun, Steve Geray, Compère Rex Evans, Jane Carr; the wit is neat, the décor good: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 59.—Norah Chapman and Edna Thompson, Gus Chevalier, Eric Woodburn, Cedric Miller, and all the usual favourites: Windmill, 1.30—11.30, non-stop.

SHALL WE REVERSE?—June, Robert Hale, Edward Cooper in another Charlot musical show: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

STOP PRESS.—The lighting and décor and the dancing stand out for excellence; the humour is less sophisticated; Phyllis Monkman and Dorothy Dickson are the stars: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—The amusing burlesque of schoolbook history has Naunton Wayne as compère, Clarice Hardwicke, Charles Heslop, Scott Sunderland, as kings and queens, Hugh E. Wright as the Common Man: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YES, MADAM?—An amusing and well-constructed musical comedy, with Binnie Hale and Bobby Howes as stars; Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore, and Billy Leonard add to the very good fun: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.—A comedy of flirtations, with Ronald Squire, king of philanderers, Nora Swinburne Marda Vanne: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

BARNET'S FOLLY.—West Country comedy, by Jan Stewer, with Muriel Aked, May Agate, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT.—Margaret Rawlings and Hermione Baddeley and Joyce Barbour as three gold-diggers in a jauntily sophisticated comedy: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HYDE PARK CORNER.—A medley of historical romance, farce and thriller, with Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle, Gordon Harker, J. H. Roberts involved: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE AND LET LOVE.—Good entertainment for lowbrows; Peter Haddon is as usual, Claire Luce is his wife, Martin Walker the intrusive third in this farce: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN MOTLEY.—A comedy thriller with Jack Melford, Marcelle Rogez, Mabel Poulton, Raymond Lovell: Winter Garden, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WORSE THINGS HAPPEN AT SEA.—Yvonne Arnaud, Frank Lawton, and Ena Burrill in a comedy by Keith Winter that 's only partly good entertainment: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

YOUNG ENGLAND.—This extraordinary show continues to give its audiences a chance to join in: Kingsway, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

THE MIRACLE MAN.—Seymour Hicks as the backer of a miracle-worker, with Ellaline Terriss, Ben Greet, Margaretta Scott: Victoria Palace, May 13th.

ROULETTE.—Eugene Robert's production of a Monte Carlo story, with Hella Kurty, Austin Trevor, Margaret Rawlings, Patrick Waddington: Duke of York's, May 14.

CINEMAS

BREWSTER'S MILLIONS.—Jack Buchanan's musical comedy, with Lili Damita and Nancy O'Neil as decorations: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV.—Anna Sten and Fritz Kortner in a German version of the Dostoievsky classic: Academy.

DAVID COPPERFIELD.—The Hollywood Dickens film is being shown again here: Empire.

THE DEVIL IS A WOMAN.—At last, Marlene Dietrich's new film; she is all Spanish, and Cesare Romero plays opposite: Plaza.

ESCAPE ME NEVER.—Elisabeth Bergner as fascinating as ever as Gemma Jones, with Hugh Sinclair as the caddish Sanger hero: London Pavilion.

THE LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER.—A very fine film, based on Yeats-Brown's book, with Gary Cooper as hero, Franchot Tone, Guy Standing, Richard Cromwell, and Kathleen Burke: Carlton.

LES MISÉRABLES.—Charles Laughton once more superb as detective Javert; Fredric March plays Jean Valjean effectively enough: Tivoli.

THE MORALS OF MARCUS.—Lupe Velez and Ian Hunter play lead in the film version of Locke's novel. Also KING OF PARIS, with Cedric Hardwicke and Marie Glory: New Gallery.

MURDER ON A HONEYMOON.—A thriller, with Edna May Oliver and James Gleason. And THE SILVER STREAK, featuring the new Diesel streamline train: Capitol.

THE OLD AND THE YOUNG KING.—Emil Jannings as Frederick the Great's father, in a fine historical film: Curzon.

ROYAL CAVALCADE.—The very impressive Jubilee film, full of stars of life, stage and screen. And BRIGHT EYES, little Shirley Temple's film: Regal.

SANDERS OF THE RIVER.—Leslie Banks, Paul Robeson, and Nina Mae McKinney, in the film of Edgar Wallace's West African story, finely produced and photographed: Leicester Square Theatre.

PAGEANTRY, SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL ACADEMY SUMMER EXHIBITION: Burlington House.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS: 195, Piccadilly.

ROYAL TOURNAMENT.—The Army, Navy, and Air Force's great indoor show: Olympia, from May 9th.

TROOPING THE COLOUR.—Guard mounting and trooping the colour by battalion finding King's Guard for the day: Horse Guards Parade, every week-day, 9.30 a.m. (weather permitting).

THAMES PAGEANT: Greenwich to Chelsea, May 10th.

(*Continued on page* ix)

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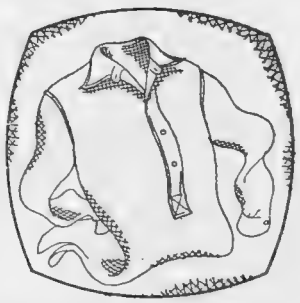

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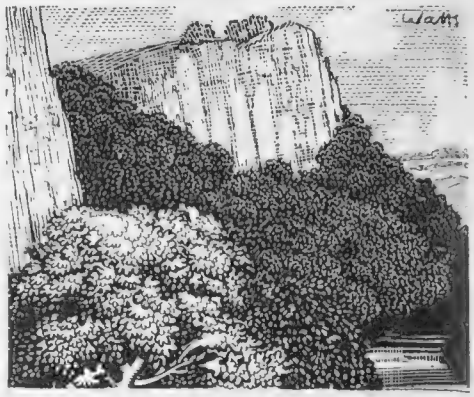

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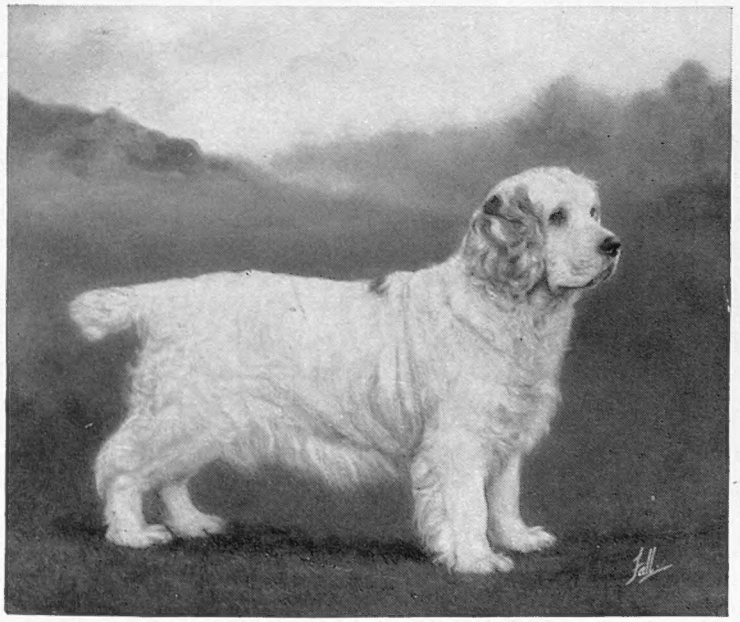

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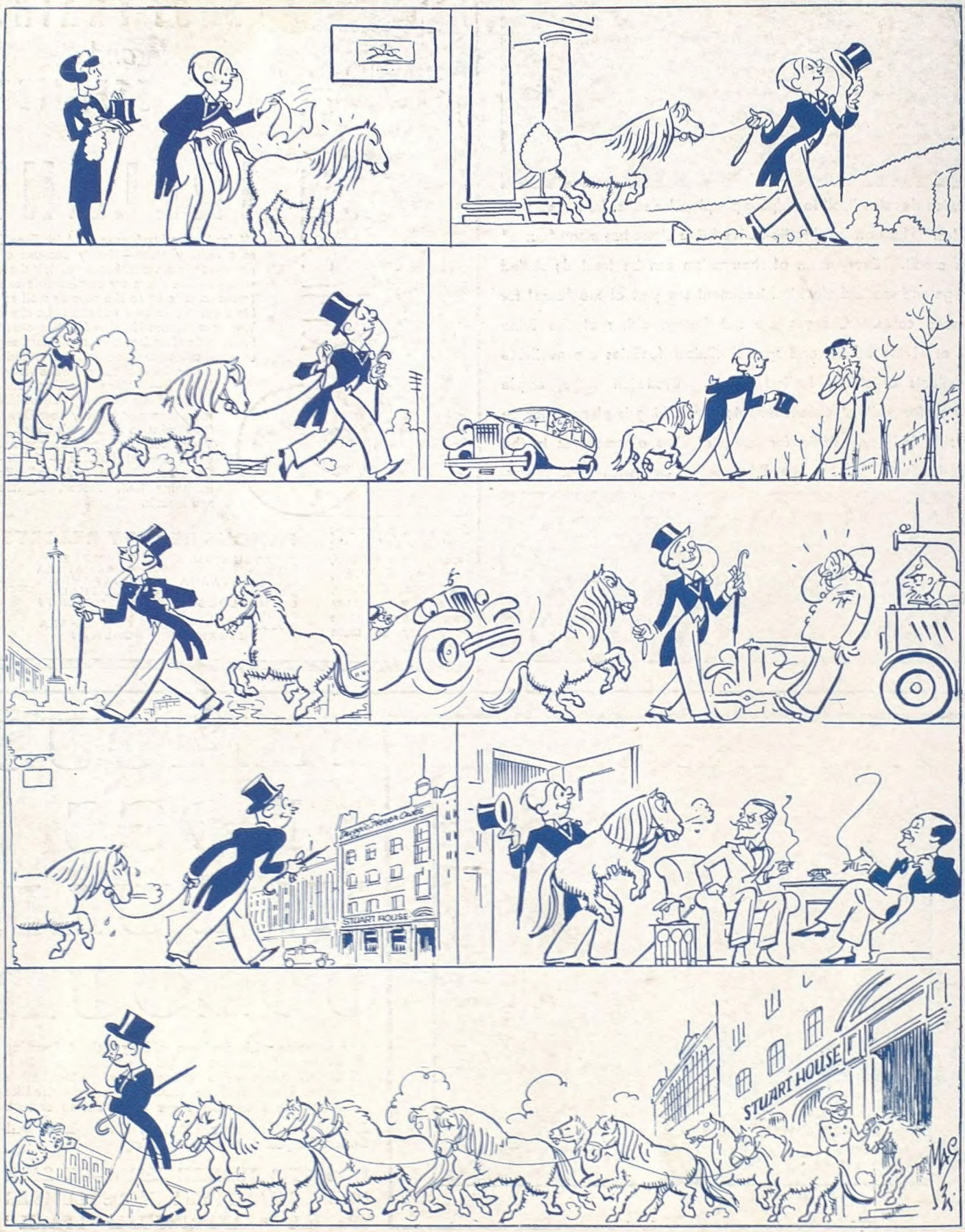

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